THE BYSTANDER
Vol LXXIII—No 947

JANUARY 25, 1922

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH "RUGGER"?—Special Article by H. S. S.

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices

Send your worn tyres to

ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN

3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover

SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS

A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.—"The last cover you retreaded for me has been a great success. It has done 5,000 miles and looks good for almost another 5,000."

By Appointment to

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

1914
Vintage

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORS.

Best for dancing & general wear. London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,

HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
25-27, Berners Street, W. 1.

DORCAS
"The Puritan Cambric made again"
Reduced Price 2/6 per yard
Patterns on request
J. & N. PHILIPS & Co. Ltd. Advert. Dept. MANCHESTER
CAMBRIC

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
CAMPHOR ICE
for chapped & roughened skins.

Softens and improves the texture of the skin & counteracts the ill effects of harsh winds, Sun burn, Exposure & housework

at all chemists.

·CHESEBROUGH·MFG·CO·(CONSD)·LONDON·E·C·1·

Kunzle
HIGH GRADE
CHOCOLATES
MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.
PATENT CREAMS, Regd. 19215.

The BEST results are obtained by using

BORWICK'S
The Best **BAKING POWDER** in the World
for making the lightest Cakes, Scones, Pastries, Puddings, and Pies.
Always insist on having Borwick's!

BENZ

THE latest models of the famous Benz cars are now on view at our NEW SHOWROOMS.

Inspection Invited.

PRICES

	Chassis.	Six-Seater Touring.	Landaulette De Luxe.
14 H.P. 4-Cylinder	£525	£730	£895
20 H.P. 4-Cylinder	£675	£925	£1050
24 H.P. 6-Cylinder	£950	£1215	£1450
37 H.P. 6-Cylinder	£1250	£1495	£1750

A 16 H.P. 4-Cylinder Model is also included in the range, details of which will be announced later.

BENZ MOTORS (ENGLAND) LTD.
18, GRAFTON ST. (Old Bond St.), LONDON, W.1.
TELEGRAMS: SUPABENZ, LONDON.

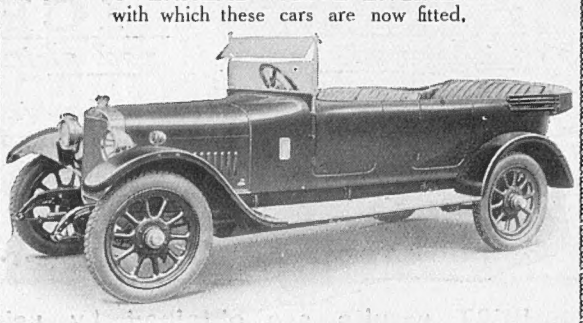
St. James's. 1.

"The most improved Cars of 1922."

This is the considered judgment of those who have tried the present type 16/40 h.p. and 24/60 h.p.

SUNBEAM CARS

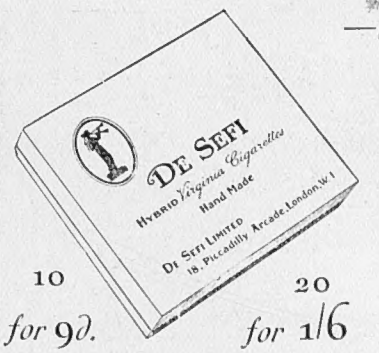
and is largely due to the entirely new OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES with which these cars are now fitted.



The 16/40 SUNBEAM
5-SEATER TOURING MODEL
£960
Completely equipped and ready for the road.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY LTD.
LONDON SHOWROOMS - 12, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1
MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS - - - - - 106, Deansgate
Southern Service & Repair Works. 177, The Vale, Acton, London, W.3
EXPORT DEPT. - - 12, Princes Street, Hanover Sq., London, W.1
HEAD OFFICE & WORKS - - WOLVERHAMPTON
SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES, 100-900 h.p.

Virginia
—but different



10 *for* 9*d.* 20 *for* 1/6

IF you smoke Virginia cigarettes, but find them wanting in a certain quality of softness & fragrance,

IF you smoke Turkish or Egyptian, but find them too heavy for constant enjoyment—

THEN you should certainly try

De Sefi *Hybrid* Virginia Cigarettes

(made of Virginia Tobacco grown in the East)

TO make these special cigarettes, every year seed is taken from the best Virginia plantations and sown in the light soil of the Orient. Soil and climate give the resultant crop a particular flavour and aroma, so that the cigarettes made from this tobacco, though Virginia in character, possess a distinctive and delightful fragrance unknown to any other cigarette, Virginia or otherwise.

Make this Experiment

SMOKE, say, fifty De Sefi *Hybrid* Virginia Cigarettes. Then try an ordinary Virginia. You will at once notice the vast difference, not only in taste, but in after-effect. *Hybrid* Virginia, always sweet in the smoking, leave the mouth fresh and the palate untainted, so that, however many of them you smoke, you enjoy the last just as much as you enjoyed the first.

Hybrid Virginia Cigarettes are sold by all the leading good-class tobacconists and Stores (Army and Navy, Harrods, Selfridges, Barkers, John Barnes, etc.). In boxes of

100 *for* 7/6 50 *for* 3/9 20 *for* 1/6 10 *for* 9d

Manufactured only by DE SEFI LIMITED

Showrooms: 18 Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1

Postage and special packing for abroad, 1/6 extra.

HELEN LAWRENCE'S method
KILLS THE ROOTS
of SUPERFLUOUS HAIR,
and is different to all other treatment.

NOT A DEPILATORY.

NO ELECTRICITY used in this method.

Safe, certain, and harmless to the skin. Please call to-day or send for a sample and start this wonderful treatment in the privacy of your own home.

Sample sufficient for fair trial, post free 2/-
Full size home treatment - ,, 12/6
Personal treatment at Kensington 10/6

HELEN LAWRENCE 167, Kensington High Street LONDON. W. 8.
(First Floor) (Telephone: Western 7141)

NEW SLEEVELESS RICH CHIFFON TAFFETA TEA FROCKS AT SPECIAL PRICES.

This charming Tea Frock is a copy of a recent French model, and is made with long early Victorian waist effect in rich chiffon taffeta by our own workers and is specially suitable for young ladies.

SMART SLEEVELESS TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality chiffon taffeta, daintily trimmed with ruches in self material on skirt and the long Victorian waist outlined with piping. In Black, White, Saxe, Sky, Pink, Rose, Cherry, Stone and Champagne.

PRICE

£5 19 6

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

EIDERSCUTUM
D. B Argyll
£10 10 0

The Eiderscutum Coat

By Appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

THE EIDERSCUTUM COAT. As light and easy for walking in as it is cosy and warm for Car, Train or Steamer wear.

Feather-light
Furry-Warm
Fleecy - Soft
PURE NEW WOOL

Quality Renowned since 1851.

Mention of *Bystander* will bring Catalogue and Patterns by return.

Agents in principal towns —names on request.

AQUASCUTUM, Ltd.
100 REGENT STREET, LONDON.

What SANATOGEN will do for your Health

"IF you take Sanatogen regularly three times a day, you will have gained in a few weeks a fund of added health, nerve-strength, and a general sense of well-being, which you cannot fail to *feel* and appreciate."

That is what many thousands of doctors, authors, clergymen, teachers — in fact men and women in every walk of life — have proved by their own personal experience. They *know* how Sanatogen infuses new strength and endurance into weak and nervous people, how wonderfully it improves digestion, how quickly its concentrated nourishment builds up the body-cells and gives new tone and strength to the entire system.

The overworked business man, mothers (especially nursing mothers), men and women who have made too heavy drafts upon their vitality, will find in Sanatogen a splendid source of renewed health and strength. And remember, Sanatogen is a *natural*, healthful food and tonic—purest protein and organic phosphorus — free from anything unnatural or harmful, so that little children can take it with nothing but benefit.

***Sir Hall Caine* writes:**—"*I have lately had further proof of the efficacy of Sanatogen in building up and restoring the nervous system under conditions of severe mental and emotional strain.*"

Resolve *now* to begin a course of Sanatogen, it will be the best thing you ever did for your health. All chemists sell Sanatogen from **2/3** to **10/9** per tin.

Made by GENATOSAN, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

APOLOGY.

CIRO PEARLS Ltd. tender their regrets to any client who, owing to the abnormal pressure of business during the Xmas shopping, did not receive the usual prompt service and careful attention which they always endeavour to give. As they insist on having no dissatisfied customers, they will be only too pleased to replace any article purchased at that or any other time which does not give entire satisfaction.

Ciro Pearls

stand alone, with a world-wide reputation as the most faithful reproductions of Oriental Pearls. Ciro Pearls copy nature—others attempt to copy Ciro's.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application.

CIRO PEARLS Ltd. (Dept. 7) **39 Old Bond St.** (Piccadilly End)

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

Rowe Sailor Overcoats.

A LONGER Coat than the Reefer, with ample freedom, and a substantial sturdy Garment for cold and inclement weather. Gilt or Black Regulation Buttons at choice. To fit Boys or Girls of 3 to 10 years.

In Heavy Naval Serge - - **63/-**
In Indigo Nap - - - **90/-** Post Paid
In Navy Bridge Overcoating - **80/-**

Write for Illustrated List Number 74.
Cash refunded if not approved.

WM. ROWE & CO., LTD

78 High Street, GOSPORT. 106 New Bond Street. LONDON W.1

Makers of Sailor Suits to H.M. The Queen.

CHEAPER ELECTRICITY

THE WELL-KNOWN

Silent **ALAMO**

ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER PLANT

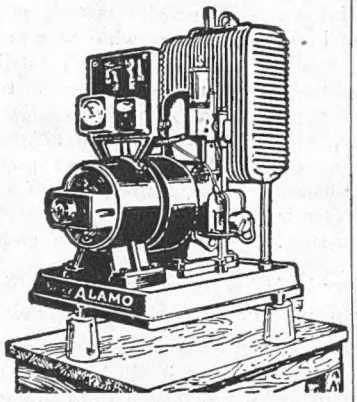
REDUCED TO

£155

COMPLETE

WITH FULLY CHARGED BATTERY AND SWITCHBOARD

OLD PRICE **£175**



WRITE FOR PAMPHLET TO

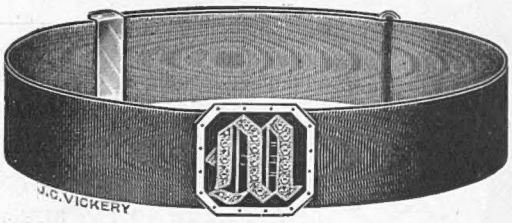
ALAMO ELECTRIC LTD.,
36, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

'Phone: Victoria 9362.

VICKERY'S popular WRISTLETS

EXCELLENT FOR

Birthday and Bridesmaid's Gifts



Any Initial in Diamonds in

Enamel Border .. .. only **£3 18 6**
With Pearl Initial **2 10 0**

Also with **Diamond** Flying Duck, Pheasant, Aberdeen Terrier, Foxhead or "Lucky Spider" **£5 15 0**

With your **Lucky Number** in Diamonds in Enamel Circle (everyone has a Lucky Number) :—

Single Number **£5 18 6** Double Number **£9 9 0**

With 15 ct. Gold "Owl" **57/6**, Rabbit **53/6**, Pheasant or Chick **63/-**, "Lucky Pig" **55/-**

INSPECTION INVITED. CATALOGUE POST FREE.

J·C VICKERY

177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1.

By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The Bystander, January 25, 1922 No. 947. Vol. LXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE THAW

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
CYRIL MAUDE & CO. in "French As She is Spoke," Muriel GEORGE & Ernest BUTCHER, NONI & Horace, Edna Maude, Wentworth, Knight & Lake, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH.
Every Evening at 8. Matinées, Weds. & Sats., at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates,
Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3243). THE FAITHFUL HEART
by MONCKTON HOFFE.
GODFREY TEARLE Mary Odette.
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday, at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.
"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"
IRENE VANBRUGH.

NEW. (Regent 4466). MATHESON LANG
in "BLOOD AND SAND"
Every Evening at 8.15.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment. New Programme.
Nightly at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., & Sat., at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. Every Evening at 8.15.
GILBERT MILLER presents a New Play Entitled
"THE BAT." Arthur Wontner, Eva Moore.
First Mat., Wed., Feb. 1st., at 2.30 & Every Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded

Yardley's
Old English Lavender Soap

Is one of the most charming of the little refinements of the toilet. Luxuriously scented with the famous Yardley Lavender Water and made of extra fine materials.

Box of **3** large tablets **3/6.**

Lavender Water **3/-, 5/-, 8/6.** Lavender Face Powder **2/6** per box.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from:

YARDLEY & CO., LTD.
8, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

By Appointment *Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter).
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SPECIALLY REQUIRED.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand.
Secretary—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

DAILY GRAPHIC
FREE MEAL & RELIEF FUND

for Unemployed Ex-Service Men and their families and other Necessitous poor.

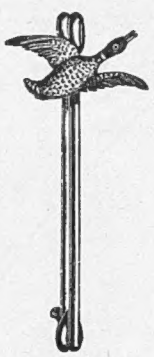
A £5 donation means 400 free meals.

The Relief Editor, Daily Graphic, Tallis Street, E.C. 4.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

SPORTING SUBJECT JEWELLERY



GOLD BIRD ON SAFETY PIN
SIZE ILLUSTRATED
HEAD ENAMELLED
38/- to 58/-
Other Models:

Grouse	Aberdeen Terrier
Partridge	Fox Terrier
Woodcock	Bulldog
Snipe	Airedale
Hare	Spaniel
Otter	Pointer
Fox	Setter

ALSO SET WITH DIAMONDS,
90/- to 135/-

A. & J. SMITH, 191, Union St., ABERDEEN

The Secret of a Beautiful Home

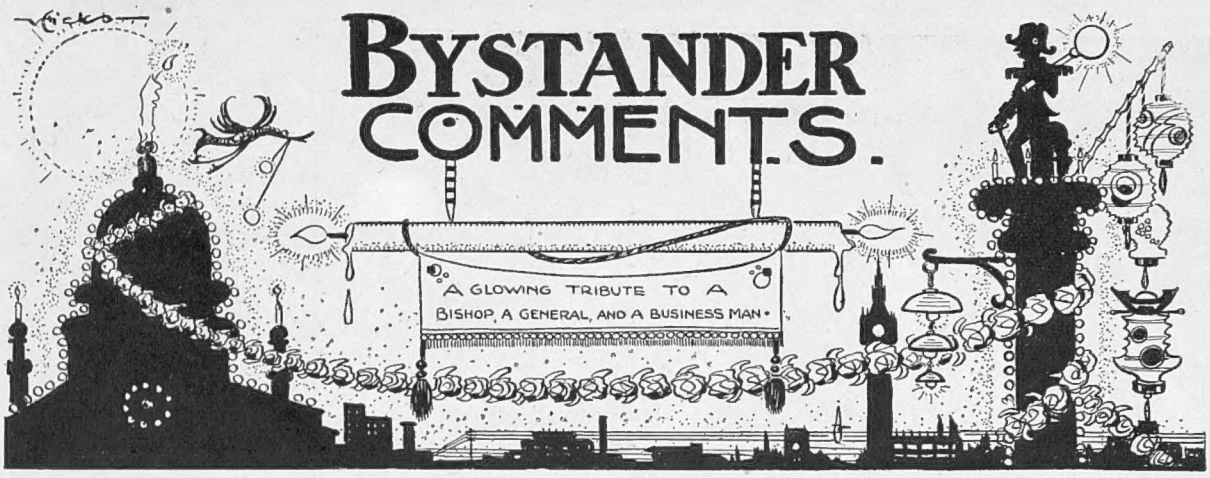
A home may be charmingly furnished and artistically decorated, but if the floors are neglected, the whole effect may be marred.

To give the finishing touch to a well-kept home the floors should be regularly polished with RONUK—the most effective preparation for preserving and beautifying parquet floors, linoleum and all kinds of woodwork.

RONUK Sanitary **FLOOR POLISH**

RONUK saves your floors because the wear is on the RONUK—not on the floor. A little RONUK goes a long way and will polish and repolish by simply using a brush or cloth—or better still a RONUK HOME POLISHER. RONUK has a pleasant and refreshing smell. Supreme in quality. Antiseptic. Economical in use.

Sold Everywhere. Manufactured by RONUK, LTD., Portslade, Sussex.
Write for illustrated leaflet.



By Victor Hicks

A Famous Picture

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" leaves to-day for America, and the National Gallery will regain its wonted calm. Probably for the first time since he was born of the brush of a master hand he has known what it feels like to be a matinée idol. Actors will tell you that you can't get the public to such and such a theatre for such-and-such reasons, but a young gentleman who could bring queues to the National Gallery must be some fellow. And now he passes to the Land of the Almighty Dollar and the All-Conquering Film. Let us sing his requiem:

Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, our hearts are sore!
To-day you sail for that distant shore
Where pictures are built on a larger plan
In the style ordained by the Movie Man:
Where Mary and Doug. and Charlie, too,
Are the prototypes of our own Boy Blue,
And producers who really know their job
Can secure results at a bob a nob.
That's why we stand in a mournful queue—
A most unusual thing to do—
Saying "Good-bye" to our Little Boy Blue.

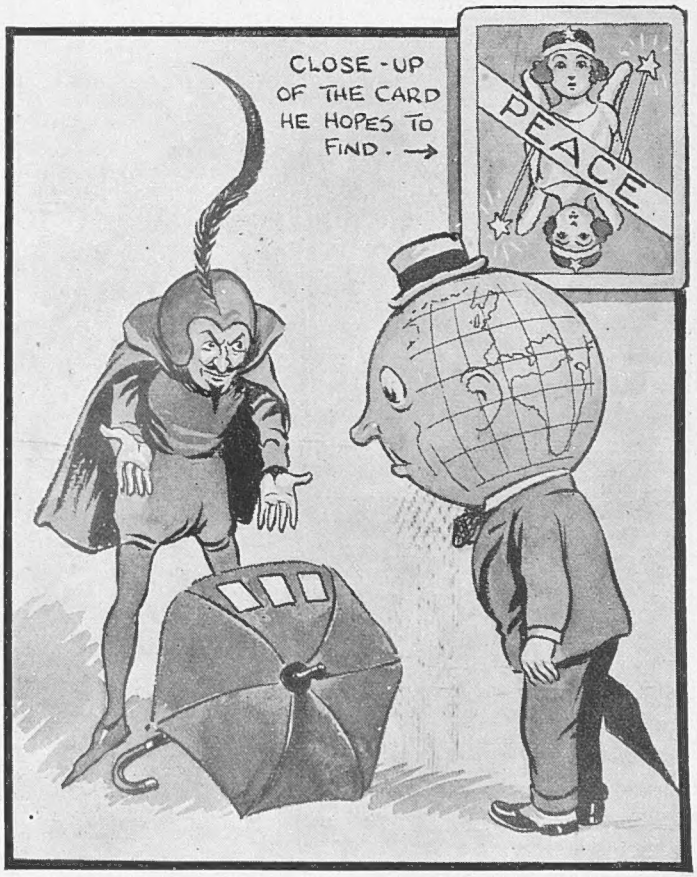
Brighter London

We are going to have a brighter London if the Bishop of Birmingham, Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Codrington, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge get their way. A Brighter London Society has been formed, and a letter has been written to the papers, so things may begin to happen at any moment. I presume that the Bishop is acting in an advisory capacity based on his Birmingham experiences, and that a start will be made by bringing Bingley Hall to Battersea. I suggest that each stone should be numbered and the greatest care be taken in the work of re-building, as in the case of Crosby Hall when they planted it in Chelsea. Then Mr. Selfridge will keep his store open till eight—and I will sing you a little song:

A Bishop, a General and a Business Man,
Have concocted a really wonderful plan,
To brighten the byways of London town
When the lamps go up and the blinds come down.
So buy your bunting and bang your bells,
To prove to Biddlecombe's dales and dells
That London is brighter than Tunbridge Wells.

Try This Yourself!

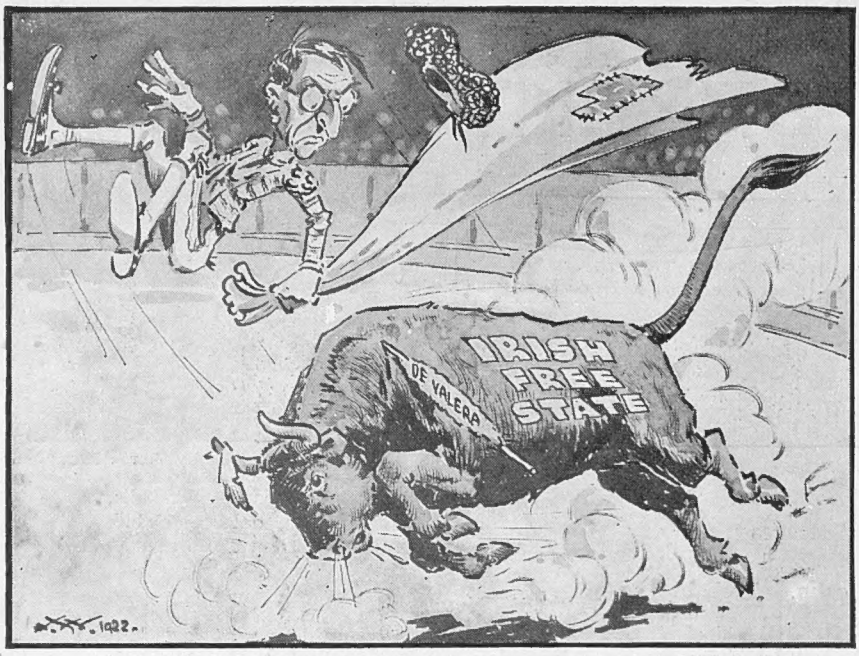
An official giving evidence at an inquiry has just filled me with admiration by admitting that he went to a certain town because the point of his pencil stopped there when he shut his eyes and dug it into the map. Personally, I always take my holidays that way, and you would be surprised how well the plan works out. True, I once had to spend my summer holiday in the fag-end of Fulham Road, but since then I have compromised by keeping my eyes open, so it never can happen again. I am going to Frinton this year.



By Fred Buchanan

THE ELUSIVE LADY

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)



By Jack Walker

THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHTER AND THE IRISH BULL

Hunting in London

I must admit that I was rather surprised to have it on the authority of Lord Ullswater that eight packs of hounds hunt in Greater London. The only one I had heard of was run by a gentleman who once hired a horse and held a meet at the Bull and Bush on Hampstead Heath. On the way there he collected a terrier, a collie, and a mongrel of sorts, but he sat so long over his beer that the terrier went hunting on his own account; the collie was arrested for biting a postman, and the mongrel went home to Camden Town. At closing time the huntsman was taken in a taxi to the place where he belonged, and the horse was still standing outside the Bull and Bush the last time I called.

Grisly Guignol

Evidently the success of Grand Guignol thrills at the Little Theatre is setting a fashion, for most of the new plays produced in the West End have a strong melodramatic flavour. This means, of course, that the Guignol must look to its laurels, and when the new bill goes up to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, it will be found that the Adelphi can still be looked upon as the Home of Horror, the Seat of Sinfulness, and the Vicinity of Vice. If you think I am exaggerating, wait till you see what the daily papers have to say about a pleasant little hydrophobia play which, as I say, is to be produced to-morrow evening. As the Guignol people themselves say in their handsome souvenir:

Walk up! Walk up and wallow
In abominable crime,
With Sybil Thorndike murdered
For the forty-second time,
And if our creepy stage effects
Should knock you over flat,
Don't faint among the fauteuils—
We have ante-rooms for that!

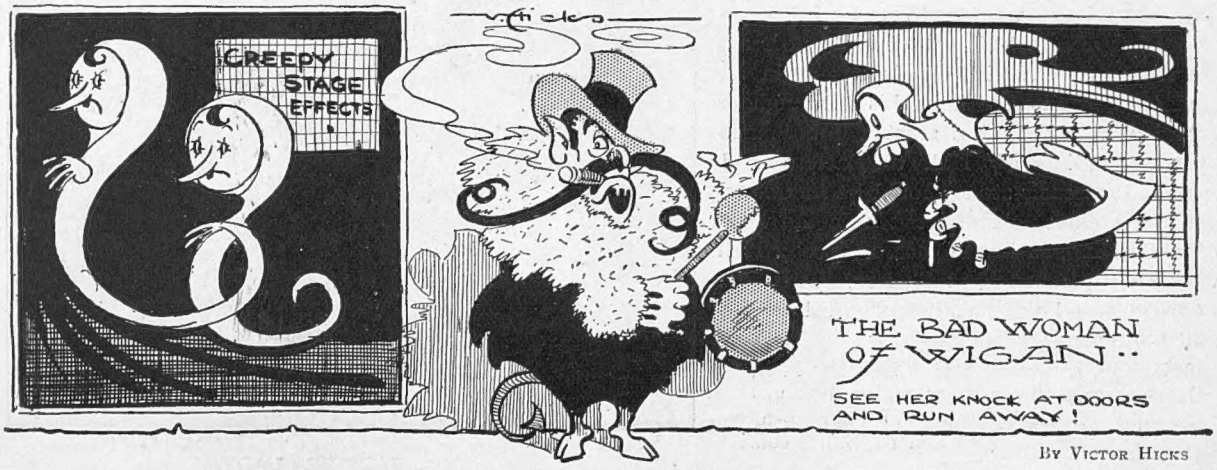
A Sad Fate

Erskine Childers, who loves any old country but his own, and who wrote one of the best books of this generation—*The Riddle of the Sands*—has suffered the ultimate fate of all who meddle in family quarrels. "You *Englishman!*" cried Mr. Griffiths, and poor Mr. Childers reeled under the blow. To paraphrase *Pinafore*;

He might have been a Russian,
And have died to save a Prussian
In far-away Japan;
But his fate is far more trying.
Alas! There's no denying,
He's just an Englishman.

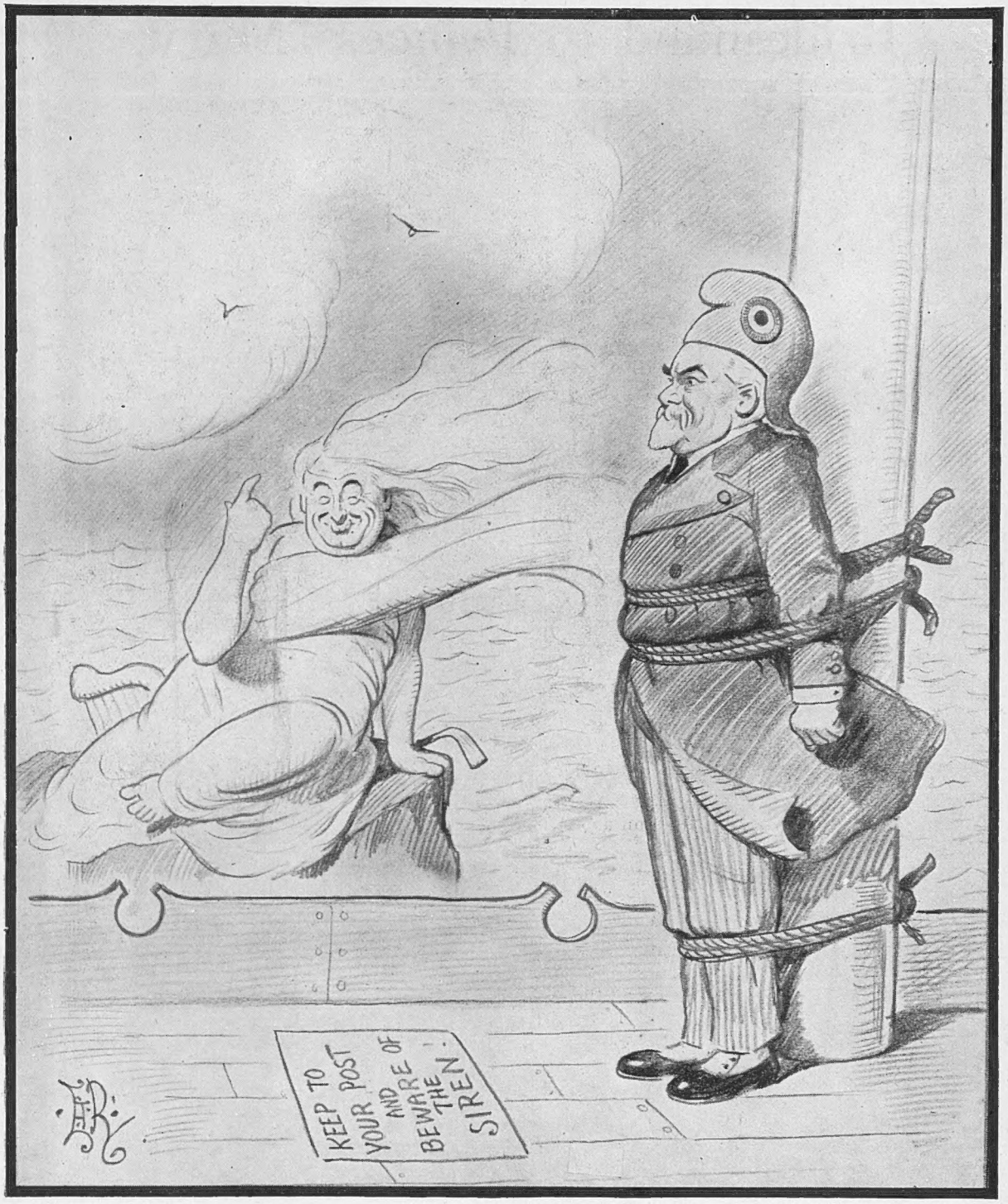
Variety and The "Legit."

The Palladium ceases to function as a variety theatre, and the event is one of the most significant signs of the theatrical times. The music-hall was doomed when the exchange of artistes between Variety and the "Legit." became an accepted fact, for actors only used the music-hall as a convenience and as a handy rod with which to beat the backs of theatrical managers



By Victor Hicks

WALK UP! WALK UP AND WALLOW IN ABOMINABLE CRIME



By E. T. Reed

ULYSSES POINCARÉ AND THE ENCHANTRESS—A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

"Travellers are specially warned against playing golf with people who invite them to, because they may be . . . etc., etc."
—*Notice in Continental trains*

with whom they happened to be in temporary disagreement. Having a second string to their bow they became independent and would dash off at a moment's notice into the open arms of the variety managers. This was bad for the theatre, but worse for the music-hall, because the newcomer arrived poorly equipped with a stale sketch and no heart for his work. Now, at long last, variety audiences have kicked; actors will have to toe the line, and if salaries come down—as they will—the actors will have only themselves to blame.

Servants and Characters

Nowadays, when everything is inclined to be a trifle upside-down it comes as no surprise to hear that servants are giving their mistresses "characters" on leaving:

I had this letter from my cook
The morning she departed:
"' Dear Madame, though I takes my hook,
I feels quite broken-hearted.
I always feels quite sorry for
My missus, when I've sacked her,
And so, before I slams the door,
I gives you this char-acter!"

Bridesmaid to Princess Mary

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH

Who will attend Princess Mary at her wedding as one of the eight bridesmaids. She is the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and was born in 1902. She became very popular in Canada whilst in that country during the Governor-Generalship of her father

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Speaight, Ltd.*

LADY VICTORIA MARY CAMBRIDGE

The elder daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, who is a brother of the Queen, and of the Marchioness of Cambridge who is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster

Photographs

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON

The youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, and great, great granddaughter of the third Duke of Portland

Topical

LADY MARY THYNNE

Is the third daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, and a great personal friend of Princess Mary

Photograph *Yevonde*

LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX

The second daughter of the Earl and Countess of March, and granddaughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

Princess Mary's Bridesmaids

THOSE very wise people who busied themselves in drawing up the "certain" list of Princess Mary's bridesmaids must be feeling, if they are not looking, very foolish. You know the type of person I mean, like "Saki's" famous lady at the Christmas house-party, they give you the impression of having been in correspondence with most of the crowned heads of Europe before breakfast.

With my own ears I heard such a dame declare solemnly that she had the authority of a person at Court for saying that the Infanta Beatrice, the elder daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, and the Princess Marie-Jose, daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, would be numbered amongst the bridesmaids. The same lady—and others of the same type I doubt not—had a complete list of other Royal bridesmaids, including one of the Roumanian princesses, which shows you how little such chatterers are able to gauge the depths of the Royal wisdom. No choice than those of the eight ladies could have been more popular.

Three of the bridesmaids have a direct descent from George the Third, Princess Maud, daughter of the Princess Royal, Lady Victoria Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and Lady May Cambridge, daughter of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. Princess Mary herself has a double descent, through the King and Queen.

Photograph *Speaight, Ltd.*

LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE

Is the daughter of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, who is a younger brother of the Queen

Bridesmaids to the Princess

In addition to the portraits given on these two pages, a photograph appears overleaf of Lady Diana Bridgeman

Lady Rachel Cavendish, Lady Mary Thynne, Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon are the Princess's personal friends. The youngest of the eight bridesmaids is Lady Diana Bridgeman who is fifteen. She will doubtless walk *au pair* with Lady May Cambridge who is a year older. Her father, Lord Bradford, is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and her grandmother, Ida, Countess of Bradford, is an extra Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

H. H. PRINCESS MAUD

The younger daughter of the Princess Royal

The Question of Courts

UNLESS there is a great change in the industrial situation, not to speak of matters political, I think you may take it for a certainty there will be no Courts this year, only Garden Parties. Even with the modified Court dress—no train, no feathers, and no bouquets—most women feel they must have a new gown for the evening function, whereas for a Garden Party the majority of women have "something that will do."

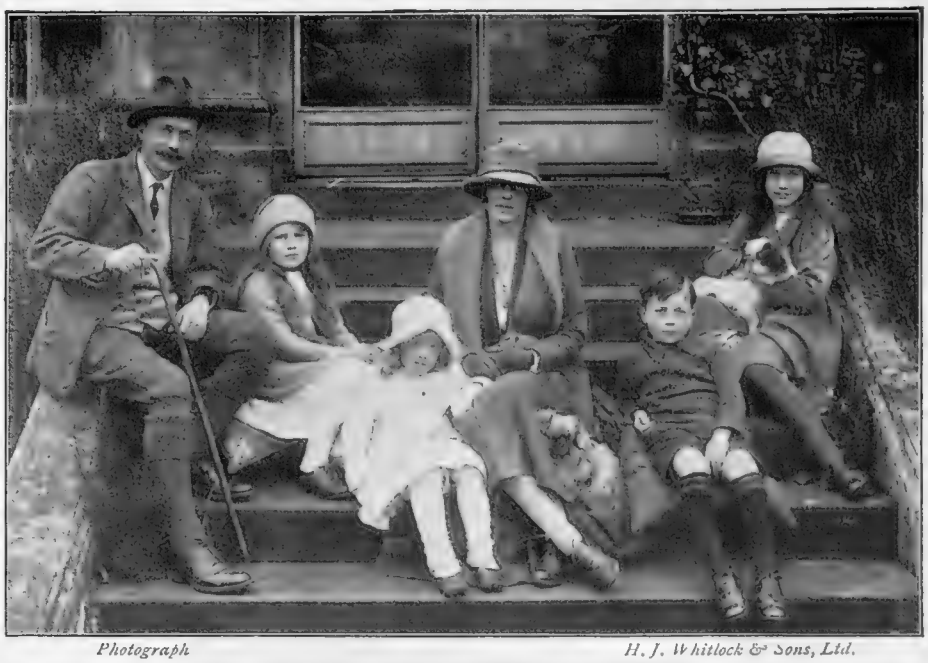
There are a number of people—a much larger number than you would imagine—who consider it a duty—and it is a duty—to pay their homage and respects to the Sovereigns by attendance at a Court, some, once in two years, others, once in three. For the most part they are people no one hears much about outside their own localities, old county families, folk of territorial position, whose names have stood for generations in the Lord Chamberlain's list.

These are just the people who have been hit hardest by the War and all that has followed after. I am told that the decrease in applications for attendance at a Court from this particular section of Society has been a matter for comment in the Lord Chamberlain's office. Another sign of the times.

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE IN INDIA

H.R.H. making a trial run on an Arab pony presented to him as a Christmas gift by his Indian Staff at Calcutta



Photograph *H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Ltd.*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BRADFORD

With their family. Lady Diana Bridgeman (holding dog) is to be one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids

Amateur or Professional?

IN the cricket and football worlds if a player takes fees he becomes a "professional" the direct minute he accepts the cheque of payment. And he is a "professional" for ever and ever after. "Pro.," I believe, is the correct designation in the worlds of wickets and goalposts.

As I watched the unfolding of *The Glorious Adventure* at Covent Garden, a film most admirably done in colour, and, what is more, an entirely British film, I wondered whether the rules concerning services rendered for payment in cricket and football apply also to the stage.

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper (her maiden name of Manners appears on the programme), all the world knows, received a handsome sum—there were more than two noughts at the end of it, I believe—for playing the part of Lady Beatrice Fair in this film. The question, therefore, I should like to be answered is this, "Is Lady Diana now a professional actress?" If the answer is yes, then the charming lady has made even more history in that she is the first daughter of an English Duke to occupy that position.

Whether Lady Diana is a professional or still an amateur actress she is the first daughter of a Duke to accept payment for appearing before a camera. So many of the others were content with free copies of their photographs.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

SIR JAMES BUCHANAN'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

The wedding took place last week at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, between Miss Catherine Buchanan and Mr. Reginald N. Macdonald, M.C., Scots Guards. Bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the church

A Triumph

THERE is an odd thing, however, about Lady Diana's playing of the heroine in this Stuart story. In

the first part she is amateurish—once or twice really "sticky"—but in the second part you forget she is Lady Diana in seventeenth century garb—and that is the biggest compliment you can pay to any actress—professional or amateur.

Of course, Lady Diana is what the Americans call "the boost" of *The Glorious Adventure*, but to speak quite frankly, myself, I think this first attempt of a British film producer to reproduce the colour of the scenes in the story stood in no need of such extraneous attractions as a Duke's daughter dodging streams of molten lead in the vaults of Old St. Paul's in the guise of a mummer, or a Baron's daughter—the Hon. Lois Sturt—appearing as Nell Gwyn.

I shouldn't be surprised if *The Glorious Adventure* marked the beginning of the end of the black-and-white photographs of the cinema. It is a triumph for its British producers, such a triumph that I think they would have "got there" just the same without making the old Mannerses and Sturts roll over and over in their graves.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AT ST. MORITZ

Miss Astor, daughter of Lady Ribblesdale, skating on the Palace Rink

The Commercial Value of Titles

ANOTHER question came into my mind at Covent Garden. Will some future Chancellor of the Exchequer levy a tax upon the commercial value of titles? All things are possible. The very latest stunt is to send Englishmen of title as commercial travellers to America and Canada. And a most profitable "stunt" it is, both for the employing firm and the employed-one of title.

Here is a little history, just to show you I don't speak without my book. When the War was over the eldest son of an Earl after his demobilisation found that the family fortunes admitted of no allowance. He had to earn his bread, and any butter he could. In France he had served with the son of a "wholesale merchant" in the City. They became great pals. Faced with the snatching of a living from anywhere the noble youth went to his wartime friend. Result: An immediate place in the office to "learn the business."

Six months later he was sent to America "just to look round and do what you can for the firm." The title proved an "open sesame" to American business. Now the young man has been sent out again with a large allowance for entertaining.

It's a funny world, isn't it? But that young man with a title is "making good."

Photograph *Central News*

AT CARBERRY TOWER, MIDLOTHIAN

Major Shoito Douglas, D.S.O., the young Earl of Hopetoun and (sitting) the Marquess of Linlithgow and Lord Elphinstone at the latter's annual shoot

Photograph *Compton Collier*

ENGAGED

Miss Proctor, eldest daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Proctor of Ware Hill, Herts., who is shortly to be married to Capt. Guy Nicholas Vansittart

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A POIRET DRESS PARADE IN THE SNOW

M. Poiret, the famous dress designer, in his sleigh, with some of his latest Parisian "dress poems," at St Moritz

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

Parham and The Zouches

BEAUTIFUL Parham Park, where the Zouches have reigned for so long, is now added to the already large Cowdray territory in Sussex, Lord Cowdray's second son, the Hon. Clive Pearson, being the purchaser.

No title has descended so often through the female line as the Zouche barony. The present Baroness Zouche succeeded her cousin, the late Baroness, who, in her turn, succeeded her brother. There have been two successions since 1914, so death duties must have pressed heavily. There used to be some magnificent Zouche armour at Parham.

The Cowdray family will soon rival Lord Leconfield in their possession of superacres if they go on buying properties. Lord Cowdray has Paddockhurst and another property at East Grinstead; the elder son, the Hon. Harold Pearson, has Cowdray Park; the second son now owns Parham; and Lady Denham, Lord and Lady Cowdray's only daughter, lives at Balcombe Place, near Lewes.

Ex-German Sovereigns

IT is odd how little one hears of the whereabouts of the dispossessed German sovereigns and minor potentates. A friend who has just returned from Germany tells me that the majority are living in their old States on quite friendly terms with their former subjects. The Grand Duke of Hesse is so popular with the Hessians that he lives happily and undisturbed on the first floor of the former Grand Ducal palace at Darmstadt, the only instance of a former ruler still occupying a palace.

The King of Saxony is the only ruler of former regal rank (the Kaiser excepted) who has left his country, and nobody is clear as to his whereabouts. Most of the former potentates seem to have handed over their "State" possessions to their people, but the Duke of Brunswick, the ex-Kaiser's son-in-law, has made himself most unpopular by demanding the contents of the Brunswick Palaces to which he is, apparently, entitled by law. He is in Holland, and so is the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who has already removed the bulk of his pictures, furniture, etc., to the great indignation of the Oldenburgers.

My friend says there is a strong belief in Germany that the rulers of the lesser States will one day come quietly back to their thrones.

Result *of* Our "Title" Competition

?

A reproduction of the beautiful colour plate by Mr. Fleming Williams published in "The Bystander Annual" for which a prize of 10 guineas was offered for the best title.

MANY thousands of readers entered for this competition and the extraordinary number of clever and amusing titles received (some, the Editor regrets to say, would not pass the Censor) made the judging a very difficult task. As a result of a very careful system of elimination and final judging the prize is awarded to

MR. GEOFFRY TATTERSALL, Byrnand House, Knaresborough, Yorks,

for the winning title

"LOVE AMONG THE RUINS" (BROWNING)

This simple form of competition has proved so popular with our readers that it is proposed to run

A WEEKLY COMPETITION ON THESE LINES

Further details will be published immediately the drawings, now being prepared by well-known artists, are completed.

"The Glorious Adventure"

THE KING'S BANQUETING TABLE

One of the many beautiful scenes in the film. The three centre figures are Nell Gwyn (Hon. Lois Sturt), Samuel Pepys (Lennox Pawle), and Charles II (William Luff). Extraordinary care was used in collecting historically correct furniture and interior fittings for the film

THE TWO ADVENTURERS

Walter Roderick (Cecil Humphreys) and Stephanie Dangerfield (Alice Crawford), who portray brilliantly the villain and villainess of the piece

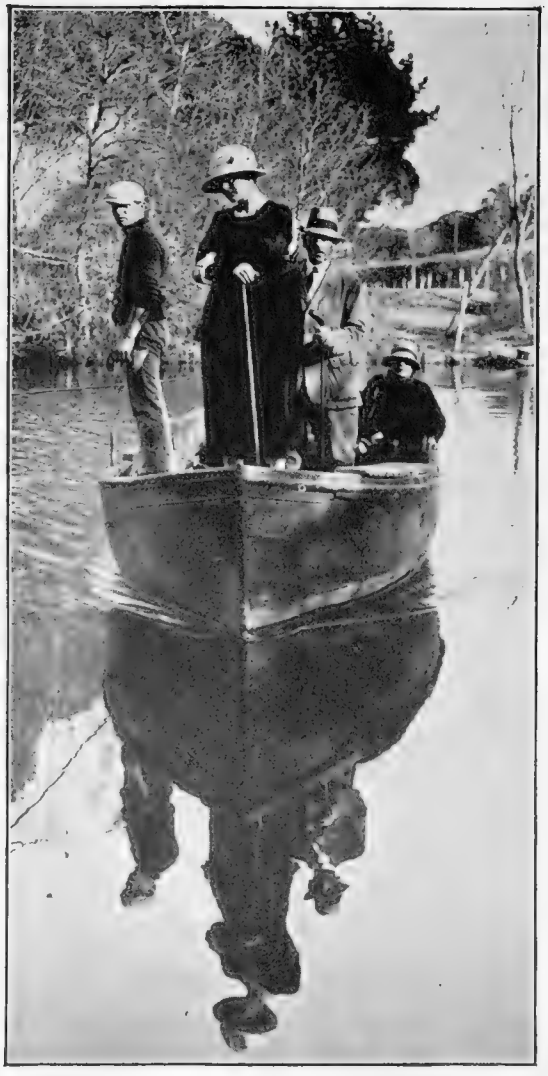
LADY BEATRICE FAIR

With the King. Lady Diana Manners plays the rôle of the heroine, Lady Beatrice

VICTOR McLAGLAN

Whose "Bulfinch" is an outstanding feature of the film

Some incidents in Mr. J. Stuart Blackton's wonderful new colour film now being presented at the Royal Opera House



Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. AND MRS. EMANUEL
(and caddies) crossing to the 10th tee at the Cannes Golf Club where they are frequent visitors

The Riviera Week by Week
by Dunce-Scotus

KEATS wrote of "Provençal song and sunburnt mirth" in the pleasant land of Petrarch and Raymond. Swinburne of the "dolorous tideless Midland sea," and Arthur Young wrote in 1789, "Give me that which will feed a cow, and let oranges remain in Provence. The whole coast is nearly the same desert."

THESE impressions contrast wooded Provence, the country from Toulon to Genoa—backed by mountains near the coast, covered with pines and cork oaks—warmed by southern airs from "Araby the blest," with the bare plains and wind-swept valleys of the Rhône country. The "Mistral" (derived from Magistral) icy draughts from the Alps to the sea are here innocuous. The aspect is semi-tropical, with groves of fine palms—the first planted in France by the Phœnicians and other settlers from the south which even bear dates here at Hyères. Massillon—born in it—rather liked the terrible niffiness of the old town, but the new town is delightful and unspoilt by the occasional extortion and snobbery met with elsewhere. Here you motor or bicycle, or walk or golf, or bathe or fish, or play tennis among hundreds of other British with similar tastes, and bridge or gamble or dance or enjoy fine music, or theatres or amateur theatricals as well or better than in most places in a perfect spring climate during winter. Lately it has been unusually cold here owing to the wide storm area extending from the Gulf of Lyons, but that is over apparently now.

THE Golf Hotel is well filled, and the last entry for the golf handicap of 32 beat the 31 of the Mont Agel entry on January 12. Here

"False Fortune wings no eager chase,
The phantom game pursuing"

It is a lotus land of peace and rest, where villa sites with orange and lemon orchards can still be bought at a reasonable price by those who seek a place in the sun for rest after a strenuous life free from the burden of home taxes, but with a home atmosphere of culture and sport. Railway improvements will bring it nearer Paris shortly. The country between Hyères and Cannes is the winter paradise of France, which is itself the garden of Europe. Artists cannot convey any real idea of its colour effects, changing with each hour from dawn to dusk. The golf and other amusements are at your door. The tennis tournament for 1,400 francs in championship cups and 4,000 francs in prizes begins on January 30 and should attract all the experts on the Riviera.

PEOPLE, no doubt, do miss a lot who do nothing but gamble and guzzle at Monte Carlo, tempting though the famous restaurants are. Still, it is very pleasant for a change to lie in bed till noon after a late night dancing or playing at the Sporting Club, which is getting quite amusing now. Last night it was crowded, and many newcomers were struck by the improvements carried out in the summer. There is much more space in the bar, and the gambling-rooms are very fine, and with the brilliant groups of fair women of all countries sparkling with jewels. The American who described it about 3 a.m. as a scene from the "Arabian Nights," was rather happy—perhaps in more ways than one!

THE membership admits you to the dancing and balls at the Parc Palace,

Photograph *E. Navello*

GOLF AT CANNES
Lord Greville and Colonel Duff on the links

Photograph *E. Navello*

LADY SYKES
With her father, Mr. Bonar Law, and the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher at Cannes. Lady Sykes married in 1920 Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Sykes

Photograph *E. Navello*

LADY DAVIS

Wife of Sir Mortimer Davis with Mr. Calloway, the professional, at Cannes

which Mr. Telling, with his Hawaian band and his particularly courteous teachers, is making very popular. It also admits you to the balls on Wednesday nights in the Ganne concert-room at the Casino, which are often costume or *poudre*, and last till daylight, so good is the music.

THE concerts, vaudevilles, and plays are a joy, too. Many of the ballets are charming. *Silva and Coppelia*, by Leo Delibes, with the *premières danseuses* from the Opéra in Paris, Milan, etc., and *Pompeii*, by Louis Ganne, and others are great favourites. *Au Japon* I find dull music. Sunday was a big racing day, with a prize of 80,000 francs at the pretty Var Race Course, for the Prix de Monte Carlo of three kilometres over hurdles. The racing crowd gets smarter every day. Everything is so spick and span it looks like a new toy *petits chevax* board.

AT the Wednesday Ganne concert Mlle. Lucie Caffaret—the pianist of the Conservatoire concerts—proved herself once more a great artist, and on Thursday at Jehin's classical concert Mlle. Madeleine de Valmaléte—another great pianist and very young—secured a veritable triumph in Mozart's "Concerto in Rèmineur" for the piano and orchestra. Otterino Respighi's symphonic poem, "Les Fontaines de Rome" (Valle Guilia, Triton, Trevi, and Villa Medici), was produced for the first time—delightful pastoral music reflecting the poesy of shepherd life, of dances of Naiads and Tritons, of sirens of the ocean, of sunset and woodland joys.

Photograph *E. Navello*

LADY TOWLE

With whom are Miss Towle and Miss A. Aldin

OLD Lord and Lady Mar—he is eighty-six—are beginning to go out after passing a very quiet summer and autumn, and are entertaining at tea again. Last week they lunched with the Cooper Smiths at the Hermitage, and also with Mrs. Edward Darrell, whose party included Lady Tenterden, Colonel and Mrs. Prettyman Newman, Mrs. Rothband, Mr. and Mrs. Winter, and Mrs. Waller.

Photograph *E. Navello*

SNAPPED ON THE LINKS

Miss Yule, one of the many devotees of the Royal and Ancient game at Cannes

I UNDERSTAND that Sir Frederick Treves, whose book, *The Riviera of the Corniche Road*, proved so popular last year, is about to publish through Cassells another volume under the alluring title *The Lake of Geneva*. In this Sir Frederick, while not neglecting the broad highway, will take us along little known paths of legend and history. The book, of course, will be delightfully illustrated.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT CANNES

Lady Warren, who is a familiar figure on the famous golf course

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT THE NICE RACES

The Duc and Duchesse Decazes with their son

The Stairway to Stardom—

BY VICTOR HICKS

—Or the Way to Do It

BLOOD AND SAND

AT THE NEW THEATRE.

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a picturesque play about a bull-fighter, with local colour, as it were, in streaks. For instance, the first act takes us to Madrid on the day of a "Corrida," while the great Gallardo himself (Mr. Matheson Lang) is described not as a Toreador, but as just an ordinary "Bull-Fighter." On the other hand, the man who throws the darts for El Gallardo is described as a "*Banderillero* in El Gallardo's *Cuadrilla*," and, to heighten the Spanish atmosphere, a blind beggar outside the bull-ring is duly labelled *Pobre Ciego*. And just as the surroundings are beginning to assume a rich Castilian flavour a street hawker strolls on and announces in very plain English that he has for sale little cushions on which people may sit and save their trousers. Note of exclamation.

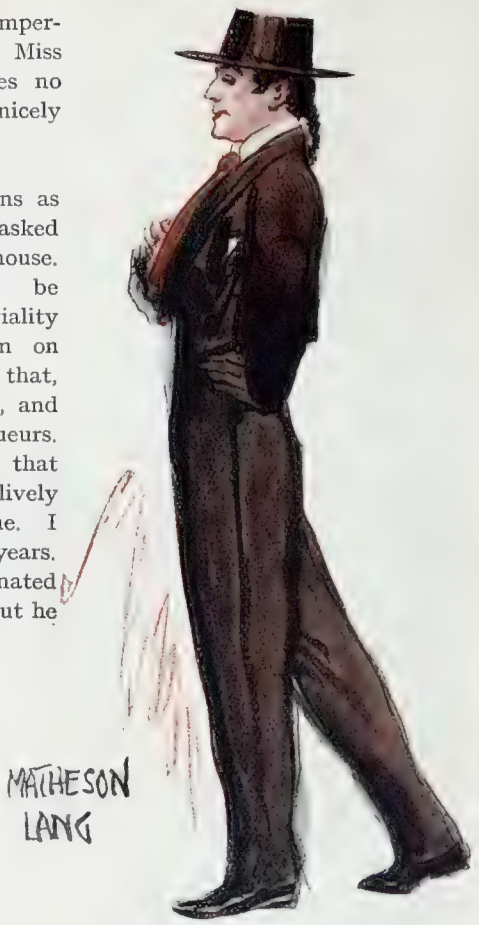
THE first act is given up almost entirely to the hero-worship of El Gallardo, the great bull-fighter. Crowds cheer him in the streets, so that he has to go to a window and fling them largess; and there are moments when there is almost as much applause from behind as there is from the kind friends in front. But the scene fulfils its obvious purpose very well. That is, to impress upon our minds the masterful personality of El Gallardo. He is a son of the people, anxious only to have done with bull-fighting so that he may get back to his wife and his two boys at his country farm. Much time is taken up in getting the hero into his bull-fighting rig. We see his valet putting on El Gallardo's stockings, and hooking him up at the back, or whatever it is the valet does; and when finally El Gallardo is dressed and ready for the fray we are quite prepared to accept the estimate of his friends that he is a very fine figure of a man indeed. Mr. Lang certainly wears his gorgeous costume with distinction,

LILLAH McCARTHY AND MATHESON LANG

and on that account, among others, he is generously applauded in the first act.

IN the second act the play begins to have some movement. There has been talk of a beautiful and knowing young lady, allied to the old aristocracy, Doña Sol, who has a fancy for making an intimate friend of the male celebrity of the hour. She has already expressed her view that El Gallardo is a "splendid animal," or something of that sort; and his friends take that as a hint that it will be El Gallardo's turn next. Doña Sol is present at the bull-fight for which El Gallardo has been dressing in the first act, and she is enchanted by his physical strength and great daring. She, therefore, invites him to her house, and in acknowledging the invitation El Gallardo sends the lady one of the ears of the bull he has that day killed. Case of the fox's brush translated into Spanish, no doubt. Doña Sol is impersonated by the fascinating Miss Lillah McCarthy, who spares no pains to make herself nicely alluring.

WE are under no illusions as to why Doña Sol has asked the great bull-fighter to her house. Pussyfoot Johnson would be delighted by the sweet joviality of the scene. They begin on cocktails, or something like that, drift on to old Spanish wine, and then get down to the liqueurs. Then Doña Sol, finding that El Gallardo is not getting lively enough, calls for champagne. I have not felt so thirsty for years. El Gallardo is obviously fascinated by the beautiful Doña Sol, but he realises that he is only one of the crowd, while she is a lady of high birth. So after a few compliments he takes her hand and bids her a respectful good-night.



But Doña Sol has not the least idea of allowing the adventure to end so tamely. She clings to El Gallardo, saying that she feels restless to-night, and does not want to be left alone; and what with one thing and another El Gallardo falls on his knees and expresses his opinion that she is a most worshipful person. And then he rises to his feet and gives her a jolly old hug, and the curtain falls on that, and the cheering ladies in the front row of the pit doubtless get the thrill of their lives. This scene is magnificently acted by Miss McCarthy and Mr. Lang, but it certainly would have made some of our grandmothers sit up and wince a little.

EL GALLARDO keeps house with Doña Sol for some time, and is blissfully happy. In due course he returns to the bull-ring, and there has the misfortune to break a leg. This accident keeps him at his rural farm for a month or two, and he is not, therefore, able to get any news of the lovely Doña Sol. In his poor, inexperienced way he fosters the quaint delusion that Doña Sol loves him for himself alone. It never occurred to him that he was merely the bird of passage. It so happens that Doña Sol is a lady of very changeable tastes. She desired El Gallardo because of his fine animalism; but her mood has now varied. Her latest favourite is an anæmic poet who writes beautiful verse, and would never do anything so horribly brutal and vulgar as to kill bulls in a ring. As soon as El Gallardo's leg can be used again he sets out for Madrid resolved on having a personal interview with the lady

(*Continued on page 176*)

Enchantingly Egyptian

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

MISS MARJORIE BROOKS

A dancer of exceptional charm, is at present delighting audiences at the Vaudeville in "Pot Luck." She is here seen in an Egyptian dance from that very diverting revue

who, to his mind, has jilted him so cruelly.

EL GALLARDO arrives at the house just as Doña Sol is expecting her tame poet, and she is, consequently, attired, if anything, in a more alluring way than ever. She is shocked at El Gallardo's impudence in calling on her without an invitation, and hints very plainly to him that all is over between them. But a delicate situation like this is one that El Gallardo has not been fitted by birth or training to appreciate. If she will not receive him again he will at least humiliate her before he goes. He announces his intention of waiting there till the tame poet is announced, and then shooting the fellow dead.

To this course Doña Sol objects strenuously. Her love may be transient, but while it lasts it is an all-devouring passion, and for the moment the tame poet is her life just as, in a week or so, some other man will cause her heart to beat for him alone. So Doña Sol falls on her knees and pleads hysterically for the life of her new friend, and El Gallardo flings her from him with the cry that all he wanted was to see her at his feet. The new lover is accordingly spared, and, after firing a shot or two at the head of a huge bull that is hanging on the wall, El Gallardo leaves the premises in a fair and reasonable state of repair.

EL GALLARDO'S wife, Rosario, who gets to hear of his irregular *liaison*, and is very much distressed in consequence, is very excellently represented by Miss Florence Saunders; while two clever and lively children, Sheila Maloney and Felicity Garratt, represent El Gallardo's two romping boys. The small part of Doña Sarasate, a lady who insists on playing mediæval church music when there is a clear demand for something jazzy and syncopated, is represented by Miss Nona Wynne with a delicately humorous touch. The atmosphere of the bull-ring is very well suggested, especially in the last act, and I suppose that the chapel with the lighted candles on the altar is necessary to complete the picture. But it must jar a little on simple and sensitive minds. The play is a personal triumph for Mr. Matheson Lang, who has his audience with him from first to last.

JINGLE

"Replace the ——— ?"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

HOW COAL WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN SCOTLAND

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

CHAPTER MCMXXII.

1 The tribe of Authors gathereth in the square. 3 The reason of their meeting. 6 Concerning who were present. 9 Of the woman they feared. 13 Chester who was called Ton speaketh to the tribe. 19 And propoundeth Ten Resolutions. 20 The tribe of Authors acclaim the Resolutions. 21 And swear to keep them. 22 The tribe departeth from the square.

1 AND it came to pass in the month of Jan which is the beginning, and on the first day thereof there was a mighty gathering of the tribe of Authors in the square of Traf, *which is* sanctified to the son of Nel.

2 ¶ Now there were four brazen lions in the square of Traf, but on this day the *number* of living lions was as the sands of the sea, and many of them were more brazen even than the four.

3 For behold it was the day of Good Resolutions, when they of the tribe of Authors did meet together even that they might resolve *perchance* to do better things than heretofore.

4 And there were gathered together both the Best Sellers and the Worst Sellers, yea, even those that did write for the Boiling of the Pot.

5 And there were Publishers also *amongst* them, who took counsel one with the other concerning these things, saying, It is meet that we should hear *that* which is said.

6 And there were present in the square Caine which was also called Hall, and Kumpton the son of Kenzie, and Pshaw, the *puller* of legs.

7 And Hugh surnamed Wal-pol and Luk-az who essayed many things and Bar-ri, the playwright.

8 And Waugh which is Al-ec and Ko-relli and Will the son of Hud, a *traveller* in little things.

9 And in the midst of the throng was Margo, the wife of 'Squith the Hit-out, clad in fine raiment, but standing *apart*, for men feared her knowing not that which she might say about them.

10 ¶ But the greatest among them was Chester who was *also* called Ton, for that was his weight. For there were giants in those days.

11 And a great shout went up from the tribe of Authors, who cried Chair, Chair, and pointed at Chester, and moved *toward* him as if to lay hands upon him.

12 And they laid hands upon him and with great labour, *because* of his weight, raised him to the plinth which surroundeth the column which the people of Brit had builded to the glory of the son of Nel.

13 And Chester who was called Ton girded up his loins and spake *unto* them, saying, Brethren of the Pen, to-day I appear once more at the foot of a column——

14 At which there was much laughter among the tribe, for *verily* and of a truth it was even as he said.

15 And he continued, saying, We are assembled here, as ye know, to make our Good Resolutions for the year. For lo! the winter is *past*, the autumn publishing season is over, and the voice of the Agent is heard in the land.

16 Yea, the time hath come for ye to produce more books, for lo! the Reviewer scenteth his prey and would *fain* be skipping again like a wild ass in the desert.

17 The publisher also wandereth about *seeking* for books, and saying, Where are they? and a dreadful sound is in his ears, for he feareth that he shall no longer be rich and that his substance shall perish.

18 Wherefore I counsel ye my brethren, get on with it and wax fat and prosper. But first *hearken* unto the Ten Resolutions that I shall put to ye, for if ye keep not these your labours shall peradventure come to nought.

19 And these were the Ten Resolutions which Chester who was called Ton read unto the tribe:

THE RESOLUTIONS

I

The Great Reading Public shall be my Judge. There shall be no other Judge for me.

II

I shall not make unto myself any hero who is in the likeness of anyone in the House of Lords above, or in the Commons beneath, or in the Government Departments which cumber the earth. For these people are touchy people, and visit the sins of the author upon his works unto the third and fourth editions, and they will hate me, but they will be good for thousands of copies, and will love me if I keep this resolution.

III

I shall not take the name of an actual person in vain, for the original will not hold him free from libel that taketh his name in vain.

IV

I shall remember to keep holiday on the day of publication. Other days shall I labour and do all that I have to do. But on the day of publication I shall do no manner of work, neither I nor my cook nor my housemaid —if haply I have one—nor the guest that is in the spare room. For in so many days I completed my book, received the proofs, and corrected all that in them was, and now it is the day of publication. Wherefore the day shall be for me a holiday.

V

I shall honour my Publisher and his Partner that my books may be pushed in the land as per contract which my Agent hath given me.

VI

I shall write no sequels.

VII

I shall not commit Plagiarism.

VIII

I shall not squeal under adverse criticism.

IX

I shall not boast false figures about my sales.

X

I shall not covet my rival's title, I shall not covet my rival's binding, nor his coloured jacket, nor his style, nor his pet phrases, nor anything that is my rival's.

20 ¶ And when Chester who was also called Ton had finished the reading of the Resolutions the tribe of Authors with one voice did acclaim, saying, Hear! not once, but *many* times.

21 And each man and woman *amongst* them did close the left eye, and placing the forefinger of the right hand against his nose and against *her* nose did solemnly affirm the Resolutions, saying, All these will we keep from this day forth, so help us, we *don't* think.

22 Whereon they departed from the square of Traf, for they were *weary* and a-thirst. And behold there were fountains of water in the square of Traf, but *them* they heeded not. W. H. B.

BY VICTOR HICKS

S'no Golf

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN A NEW GUISE

TEEING THE BALL FOR THE LADY PLAYER TO DRIVE

THE LADY PROCEEDS TO DRIVE

Photographs ANOTHER PLAYER IN THE ACT OF DRIVING *Central Press*

The latest "freak" game for winter sports enthusiasts in Switzerland is golf on skis. The ball—a tennis ball—is teed on a tee of snow upon the tip of the player's ski, and the "club" is an ice-hockey stick. It will be gathered from these pictures that the correct "stance" is not particularly easy to acquire. The lady's tee, it will also be noted, is on the right ski and the man's on the left one

What is Wrong with "Rugger"?

A MALADY AND ITS CURE

FOR some time past it has been apparent to those who follow the game closely that there is something not quite right with Rugby football. The trouble may be likened to an insidious ailment, the ill-effects of which are at first so slight that one is apt to ignore them, but which may at any moment prove a menace to the healthiest constitution.

I think the present state of affairs may be best explained by saying that there are a large number of people just now who are not playing the game properly. Some, of course, do not play it properly because they are either novices or congenital duffers. I am not thinking, for the moment, of them. But there are others who can play quite well, and know the rules thoroughly, but nevertheless do not always take the trouble to conform to them. They have acquired habits of laziness or slovenliness. Instead of trying their best, on their own account, to avoid doing anything which may incur a penalty, they are content to leave it to the referee to decide whether they are playing the game properly or not. In nine cases out of ten, very likely, these little sins of omission do not very much matter, but they forget the tenth case which may matter very much indeed. There are quite a number of players of this type knocking about in Rugby football just now.

The Wrong Spirit

THERE are also quite a number who are open to a more serious charge. They do not play the game in the spirit in which it ought to be played. "Play to the whistle," is an old maxim and a good one; but it does not mean "play *against* the whistle," and the man who lays himself out to beat the referee rather than the fifteen men to whom he and his side are opposed is not playing the game in the spirit in which it ought to be played. He goes on to the field with the settled conviction that the laws are made to be broken if they can be broken with impunity. He knows that he stands a fair chance of being able to break them with impunity, and furthermore that, in certain circumstances, the risk of detection is negligible. If he is found out and his side is penalised in consequence, the resultant penalty is not going to be of very much use to the other side. Consequently he takes the risk with a light heart. But he is not playing Rugby football.

Winning at all Costs

WE have got to admit the existence of these people—in large numbers—in Rugby football to-day, and we have got to admit, further, that their existence is fostered to a very large extent by the tendency which has existed since the War to think that nothing matters in a game except the winning of it. Just because the War was something that had got to be won at all costs some of us seem to regard our games from the same viewpoint. The Englishman's creed that it is the enjoyment of the game as a game that comes first, and that there is nothing enjoyable or meritorious about a win unless it is compassed by strictly legitimate means, is in great danger of being forgotten. As soon as we waver in our adherence to that creed our reputation as the best sportsmen in the world is bound to suffer. And there is no game to which the acid test of true sportsmanship can be applied with greater certainty than Rugby football.

The wearing of a loud waistcoat is as far as some fellows ever get towards making a noise in the World

The Remedy

WHERE are we to look for a remedy for this undesirable state of affairs? Obviously, in the first instance, to the players themselves. Captains of teams and others who occupy positions of authority must see to it that the men under their control play the game as it ought to be played. They must set their faces rigorously against that sort of cleverness which, however much it may contribute towards the winning of matches, is not in accordance with the true spirit of the game, and to those who are apt to transgress through laziness or carelessness they must point out that the borderline between mere slackness and culpable negligence is easily overstepped.

But apart from the players and those in authority over them, a very great deal can undoubtedly be done by the referees. Refereeing at the present time seems to me to be in a somewhat chaotic state. Some referees are undoubtedly far more lax in the administration of what they conceive to be justice than others, and the "practice"—to use a legal phrase—with regard to the commission of certain acts which may or may not be irregular differs widely in different localities. Often when you see a visiting team penalised about once every five minutes by a strict referee you have to remind yourself that that team very likely comes from a district where strict refereeing is unknown, and where the players have consequently acquired the habit of breaking the rules, as it were, in self-defence. The referee who lets things rip sooner than stop the game for irregularities which do not appear to him to matter is really refereeing the game according to a code of his own, and not according to the code recognised by the Rugby Union; incidentally he is doing a great deal of harm to the game. It would in fact be all the better for the game if referees would act upon the principle of doing not what they think meets the case but what they are actually enjoined to do. Since, moreover, it very rarely happens in "Rugger" that, when an offence is deliberately committed, the punishment fits the crime, there should never be any temptation to err on the side of leniency.

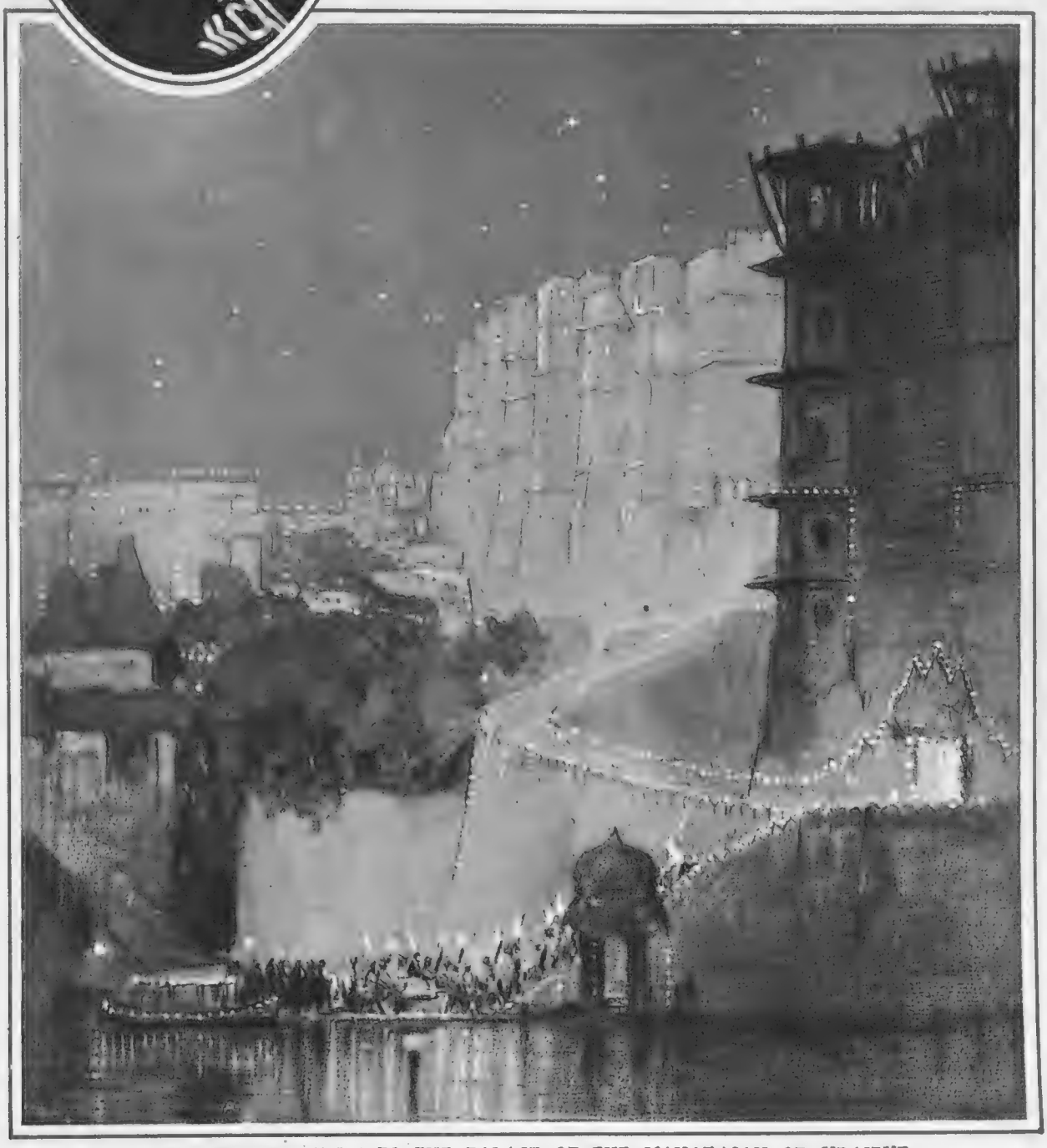
To sum up, the remedy for the ailment from which Rugger is now suffering lies with the referees. But they must have the co-operation of those in authority among the players themselves. As Lord Carson has recently reminded us (in another connection) "The clever men are not nearly so useful at a time like this as the honest, open-hearted men." H. S. S.

With the Prince in India

THE keenest interest is being taken in Mr. Donald Maxwell's wonderful colour sketches in *The Graphic* of the Prince's tour in India. The subject is one after Mr. Maxwell's own heart, for he has a perfect *flair* for picturing the East, which he had a splendid opportunity of seeing at close quarters when, as an officer of the R.N.V.R. during the War, he visited Mesopotamia.

His passions are art and yachting, and it was through the latter that he took like a duck to the water in the Navy during the War, gaining some vivid experiences on a motor-launch. He has produced three admirable books on the East as the result of his War experiences.

Mr. Maxwell is not only a born sailor, but he has got the artist's happy, imaginative temperament. He is a brilliant talker and a racy *raconteur*, and his facility with pen and pencil is simply amazing. When at home he lives at Rochester, because he simply cannot drag himself away from ships. He went to India on H.M.S. *Renown* for the purpose of writing and illustrating a book about the Prince's progress—a typical example of the way he captures atmosphere is shown on this page.



THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF UDAIPUR
(This picture is one of those reproduced in colour in *The Graphic*)

PATI

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

IENCE

De la bière near the Rue du Bac

Liqueur Bénédictine near the Madeleine

Café in the Rue Royale

PARIS CAFÉS AND—

DANCE WHICH SHALL

BY "ROLAND"

Mes Amis—

One should not have thought that our *cher* Paris is the battleground in perpetuity. And yet one finds oneself in every other of the letters in the necessity to refer to the contest between the something or the other. It is as if the germ of the combat does continue to spread wide its malevolence. *Actuellement* one finds that it is the turn of *la mode* to have to make the defence. And *la mode* does appear to be in the very insecure position in the face of the inroads which come to be made by the enemy, which is *la danse*. Already the citadel of *la mode* had sustained the severe shake by the assault of *le sport*. But the power of *le sport* must be said to be of the *faiblesse* beside the irresistible power of *la danse*. *Après tout* it is but the *jeunes filles* who are the fervents of *le sport féminin*. And *la danse* includes almost as many of the elders as the youngers. And the elders possess the *savoir-faire* to the extent to know that *la mode* may be adapted to the manners, and the experience to fight the contrary influences of the designers. Which is the task upon which they are engaged. To the consternation of the designers.

There are the many who have the belief that the makers of *la mode* have already capitulated. *Certes* they are able to adduce the voluminous evidence to the support of their contentions. In the times before the dance has *fait rage*, there were the periods when the *mannequins* have defiled before the vast assemblies of Parisiennes who have shown the avidity to learn the whereabouts they must place for the next season the waist, if the skirts should have to flow or to cling tightly, if the sleeves should be *collantes* or *bouffantes*. This servitude has been almost quite changed. It is not that the ladies do not present themselves in the

"When the mannequins have defiled"

equal numbers at the *premières* of the *grands couturiers*. They are still possessed of all the avidity to see the newest styles, the newest colours, and the newest fabrics. But *la mode*, which in the other times they have so impatiently awaited, is the absentee. There is no longer the *règle*, the dictatorial rule. The *règle* has in advance been already determined by *la danse*.

La danse has everything swept before it. At the first it has been confined to the *dancings* (the coiner of this word must be an Anglo-Français from Amiens), but it has finally captured the hotels, the theatres, and the restaurants. When it has thus dominated *la vie* one has asserted that it is impossible to follow the rhythms of the fox-trot, the *pas* of the one-step, or the shivers of the shimmy if the waist has been transferred to the place

or DRESS
BE THE MASTER ?

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

where it should not ought to be, if one has the knees knocked together by the tightness of the skirt, if one has the arms hampered by the pull of the sleeves ; in sum, if one has the movements of the body restricted by a *robe* which is *tout à fait à la mode*, but which has not made any allowances for the means to dance.

THERE has been thus the necessity to make the choice. One has said that the *dames* have had the hesitations, but that they have been decided by the men. *Ces hommes-là* have given up to say, "How splendid does she look in the *mode* of this season," and instead have taken the habit to remark, "*As-tu vu comme elle danse le shimmy ?* She bends the knee with the most perfect grace."

AND so the doubtful ones have had the determinations. They have commanded that their gowns shall be cut to follow the curves of the form. They have suppressed as much of the corsage and as much of the skirt as it has been possible. And so the inventors of *la mode* have found that their inventions have not been desired. Therefore have they been compelled to react. They have carried the war into the camp of the enemy by to take *la mode* to *la danse*.

"They have suppressed as much of the corsage and as much of the skirt"

Even have they organised themselves a dance, the *Bal des Couturiers*.

AT the invitation of Aine-Montaillé I have made the pilgrimage to the *salons* of the Continental to see what is to be done about it. And I am afraid I must have to say that it has not been impressive. *La mode* has been overwhelmed by *la danse*, and *la danse* has been overwhelmed by the crowds, and so one has not found it possible to obtain much of an idea of either. From that which one has been able to see of the dresses, it has appeared that

"As-tu vu comme elle danse le shimmy ?"

Finding a model and some vermouth on the Boulevard du Montparnasse

Turin and dominoes near the Luxembourg

Attractions toujours nouvelles at the Cirque Medrano Bar

SKETCHES BY M. WATSON-WILLIAMS

—THEIR FRIENDS

"DANCE OR DRESS?" (concluded)

the only *mode* is to wear what one wants—and not too much of that. One has heard a wit who has hit off the situation. When one has remarked that the skirts do lengthen, he has responded, "*Mais non*; they do not lengthen, they do merely descend." When one has witnessed the amazing amount of uncovered back which has been offered to the general gaze, one is of the similar opinion. The designers of *la mode* are faced, in the exercise of their ingenuity, with the problems of the painters of the miniatures.

THERE has been but one thing which has offered the comfort at the ball of the dressmakers. This is the eastern richness of the colours. In this, one is delighted to be able to say the *couturiers* have achieved the minor victory. There has been the fight to maintain the predominance of the black, even in the dance-rooms. But it has had to cede the place to vermilion and coral, purple and emerald in the *salons* of the Continental. This is well. There has been enough of the black about the amusements of our Paris, in the men of colour who have dominated the dance and the music for so long. One has realised, after the award of the *Prix Goncourt* to the black novelist, René Maran, that Paris has been on the way to become the conquest of the negroes.

"Negroes to be à la mode!"

One has seen the negroes as the *chasseurs* at all the restaurants which do make the claim to be *à la mode*, as the professors of *la danse moderne*, and the professors of *la boxe*, also as the *masseurs*, and, of course, in all the jazz-bands. And many of the novelists who are themselves white have taken as their hero the black man, while side by side of such romances one does see on bookstalls the fearsome frontispieces of the critical studies on *L'Art Nègre*. A good word is due to the *couturiers* in the revolt against the sombre shadows. If they shall be finally conquered by *la danse*, they shall have merited much praise if they shall succeed to banish the black gloom. ROLAND

Photograph *Central Press*

THE LATEST ADDITION TO WINTER SPORTS

A new thrill for visitors has been inaugurated at Chateau d'Oex, where an Avro aeroplane, piloted by M. Johner, is available for short trips over the Alps at fees ranging from 30 francs, according to the length of flight

WITH SOFT MUSIC

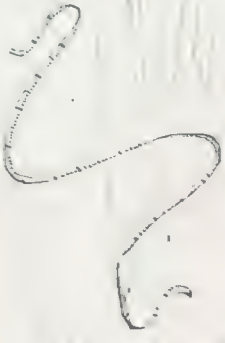
BY A. A. THOMSON

(A Natrobi violinist has made a great hit as a snake-killer. Fascinated by his music, they lie down beside him, and he "swats" them without difficulty.)

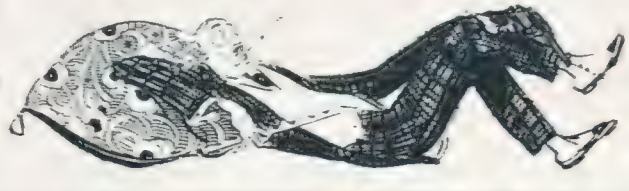
AS Shakespeare says (or was it Billy Sunday?),
Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;
I met my Aunt Elizabeth last Monday,
A lady whom I thoroughly detest.
I sang to her in tones of high falsetto
Sweet melodies of languor and of love;
She closed her eyes . . . I whipped out my stiletto . . .
And now she's listening to the harps above.

MY landlady, whose name is Mrs. Hubbard,
Or *was*, to be precisely accurate,
Was wont to steal my whisky from the cupboard
And underwent a sad (but tuneful) fate.
For now she's left this sinful Vale (called Maida);
I don't repine; I did it for the best.
"Drink to me only with thine eyes!" I played her . . .
A little drop of arsenic did the rest.

MY tailor is released from all his troubles;
He brought along his bill the other night.
I chanted: "I'm for ever blowing bubbles!"
And then . . . I blew him up with dynamite.
The local curate also has gone through it;
For some wild Charity he'd dared to dun.
Softly I sang: "I didn't want to do it!"
And then I did it . . . neatly . . . with a gun.



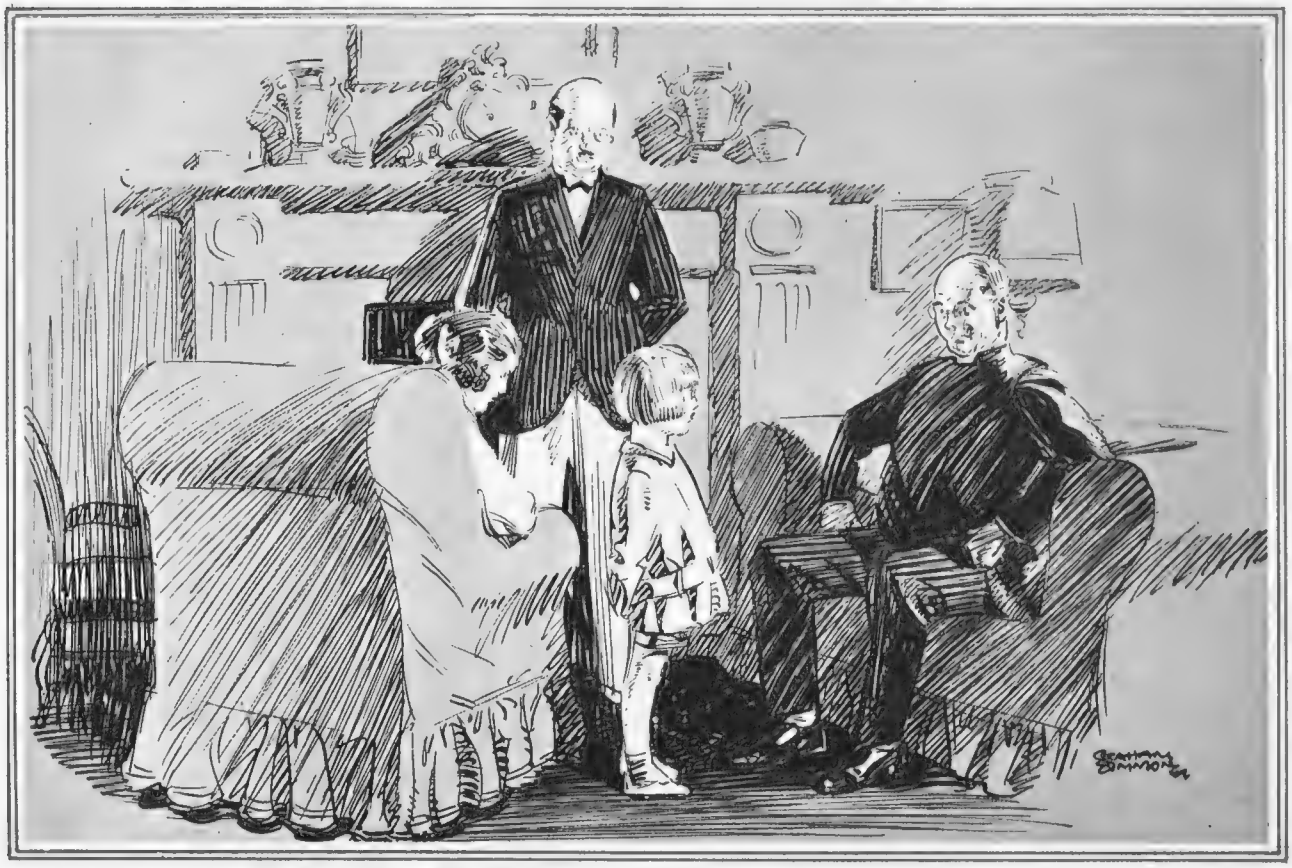
MY butcher perished to the tune of "Swanee"—
A pleasant death without a trace of pain.
My grocer loved "Maxwelltown's braes are bonny"—
He'll never see—or hear—those braes again.
And now I'm waiting for the tax-collector,
With piccolo and pistol in my hand;
I'm going to be his musical director,
With obligato, to . . . "*The Better Land!*"



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SCRAPS ON PAPER

1ST SCRAPPER: "What's his weight?"
2ND DITTO: "Paper weight—leastways, that's where he does all his fighting"



A BURNING QUESTION

SKETCHES BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

THE VICAR: "Now, Bobby, do you know where Hell is?"
BOBBY: "The place where Daddy says his business is all gone to"

CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU

EPISODE III.—DRESSED CRAB. BY ARTHUR MILLS

"AH, drop it! You dirty little brute!" called Garrivale to Ho Shi Fu. Ho Shi Fu gave his master such a look as only a high-bred Pekingese can give, and bent once more over the remains of the defunct crab. Why should he not eat what he chose? Had not his ancestors been fed off buried eggs at State banquets, and foraged for fish tails in the gutters of Peking from time immemorial? Who was this two-legged monstrosity that dared to call a dog with unbroken lineage since the Emperor Ming a "foul feeder"?

Garrivale was preparing to go over and give effect to his orders when his attention was distracted.

"Oh, there's that angel dog!" said a voice behind him.

Garry jumped to his feet and raised his hat. "Good morning," he said, looking at the girl admiringly—as well he might, for not only was she the prettiest girl in the hotel, but she was wearing a bathing costume that . . . well, lent enchantment to her charms.

"Aren't you bathing this morning?" she asked.

"Not this morning," said Garrivale, decidedly, "much nicer sitting here watching you."

"But you are going in for the race this afternoon, aren't you?"

Garry appeared to hesitate.

"You promised me," she said, pleadingly. "I've put your name down—3.30 mind." The girl gave a wave of her hand and ran towards the sea. Ho Shi Fu raced behind her, barking furiously.

"Hel(p)!" said Garry, leaving out the "p."

Which were just Ho Shi Fu's sentiments, for at the water's edge a wave caught him unawares and rolled him over. He scrambled back to dry land, and came towards his master, a most miserable-looking little object, with his fine, fluffy fur coat all plastered round his little shivering body.

"You're a fine figure of a dog, aren't you?" said Garry. "Atch! stop it, you little beast!" as Ho Shi Fu shook himself, sending a spray of salt water over his master.

Garry fixed his eyeglass and looked once more out to sea. If Ho Shi Fu was not much to look at, the girl, anyway, was a most pleasing sight. She was sitting on a rock some thirty yards away. Garry thought he had never seen a more perfect specimen of girlhood. "She's got lovely eyes—a figure like Venus—and a perfect constitution. Make a grand wife for any man," he thought. And he had known her just a week.

Captain Garrivale, —th Lancers, home on leave from India, was twenty-eight, and still a bachelor. It was his serious intention to take back a wife with him when he returned to the East. Which is the real explanation of how he came to find himself entered for the 150 yards open swimming race for men that very afternoon.

The girl, by name Helen Thrawl, was almost a mermaid in her passionate love of the sea. She swam and dived splendidly, and had a great admiration for others who could do the same. Their first evening she had told Garry that she would never marry a man who could not swim, because it would be so undignified for a wife to have to save her husband from drowning if they both were shipwrecked. Now the painful truth of the matter was that Garry could not swim a yard. He hated bathing, and always had hated it, saying that the salt water spoilt his eye for golf. However, to have admitted this state of affairs to Helen would have been fatal. She would have thought him a muff. The result was that Garrivale had involved himself in a tangle of deceit. One thing had led to another. Having said he could swim, he had gone on to say that he swam well, and ended up by admitting modestly that he was the fastest swimmer in India.

So far all had been well. On one pretext or another he had put off bathing, for he knew that the first time Helen saw him in the water his chances were done. But now this beastly regatta had been arranged, and Helen had entered his name for the swimming race. She had made a special point of wanting him to win first prize to please her. First prize indeed! he would drown for a certainty. Garry secretly resolved not to leave the starter's launch on any pretext whatever.

He ate a moderate lunch; three o'clock brought no means of escape, and at three-thirty he found himself one of ten other competitors standing on the quay in mackintoshes and bathing kit, waiting for the launch to take them to the starting-point.

"Where do we start from?" he asked a burly-looking competitor standing next him.

The other pointed out to sea. "Somewhere out there," he answered.

"What?" Garry nearly screamed. "I th-thought the race was in the harbour."

The other laughed. "No fear; they take us right out there, chuck us overboard, and let us swim in as best we can. There'll be a bit of a tide running to-day."

Garry, regarding the sea, thought there was a very strong tide running. He had just made up his mind that nothing would induce him to get into that launch when an inspiration came. In the harbour he saw a fisherman paddling about in a dinghy. He beckoned the man up.

"Look here," he said, "I want you to come and 'pace' me in this race."

"Pace 'ee?" said the fisherman, perplexed.

"Yes, row alongside me as I swim, and set the pace. You'll do that, won't you? I . . . I'll make it worth your while."

"All right, sir," the fisherman agreed.

"Good-bye. Good luck! Mind you win," called Helen, holding up Ho Shi Fu. Garry turned and smiled wanly.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU" (*continued*)

"All competitors aboard the starter's launch please," called a man through a megaphone.

Signalling frantically to the fisherman to follow in his dinghy, Garry climbed on board the launch. They went out, as it seemed to Garry, an interminable distance. The sea looked very rough and cold.

"I shall count three, fire the gun, and everyone is to dive in," said the starter. "One, two, three. Bang!"

There were nine sploshes in the water. One competitor remained in the boat.

"What's the matter?" said the starter to Garry.

Garry gave one last wild look round, saw that the friendly fisherman in his dinghy was only a few yards off, and flung himself into the sea.

Two minutes later he was rescued, and lay at the bottom of the dinghy coughing up salt water. That night he was the hero of the hotel.

"Minute my body touched the water, I was seized with the most terrible cramp I ever had in my life," he explained to Helen at dinner. "Marvellous I wasn't drowned. Should have been for a certainty if that old chap hadn't been there with his small boat."

Helen's eyes filled with admiration and sympathy. "I should never have forgiven myself—if—if anything had happened. I should always have felt it had been my fault."

"And so it would have been," muttered Garry to himself, adding aloud, "I wish I had won the race for you."

"I am sure you would, if it hadn't been for that beastly cramp," said Helen with conviction.

Garry said nothing.

. . . . . .

For the next week things progressed favourably. Garry, making capital of the wholly fallacious supposition that bathing gave him cramp, was able to keep at a safe distance from the sea. Every morning he lay on the warm beach and watched Helen disporting herself in the water. Many a time had he admired the long, easy side-stroke with which she cut through the waves. She was, he was sure, the ideal mate he needed for life. The only thing he wanted now was an opportunity of confessing all that was in his heart. This, somehow, he felt Ho Shi Fu would provide shortly, for the little dog had conceived a violent attachment for Helen, which she reciprocated. The pair had, indeed, become inseparable, considerably to Garry's relief, for Ho Shi Fu had been nothing but a source of worry to him since he had been trapped into buying him for fifty guineas.

Then there came a beautiful moonlight summer's evening. After dinner Barry suggested to Helen that they should go for a stroll. Ho Shi Fu, of course, came, too. They wandered down the cliff path that led to the harbour, and walked out to the end of the jetty. They lingered several moments in eloquent silence looking at the moonlight on the sea.

By Victor Hicks

PRECAUTION

Artist: "A picture I've just painted—to keep the wolf from the door"

Candid Friend: "Well, why don't you hang it on the door knob where the wolf can see it?"

"Helen," said Garry, softly, "Ho Shi Fu is very fond of you."

"He's a darling little dog," said Helen.

"I should like to . . . to give him to you."

"Oh, I couldn't take him away from you like that."

"But . . . *we could share him*," said Garry, stealing his hand over Helen's fingers.

While this had been going on, Ho Shi Fu had been worrying a fishing net trying to extricate the body of a dead crab. He could smell that the crab was particularly good, and he wanted it above all things for his supper. He pulled and tugged away, and at last got his prey clear. He had given a yelp of delight and pounced on the carcase, when the tragedy occurred. He had not noticed how near he was to the edge of the jetty. An injudicious push and the dead crab fell splosh in the water. Ho Shi Fu went mad with rage. He barked, yelped and pawed the edge of the jetty.

Garrivale and Helen had just looked round, attracted by the din, when the second tragedy occurred. Ho Shi Fu lost his balance, and followed the crab into the dark water. Splosh!

"Oh, he'll drown, he'll drown," cried out Helen, watching the little dog pawing the steep, slippery side of the stone jetty.

"How deep is it?" asked Garrivale.

"Fifteen or twenty feet, I should think. Quick, do something; it is no good standing there."

"What can I do?" asked Garry. Helen's opinion of Garry went down 50 per cent.

"*Do!*" she said, scornfully, "why, go in after him."

Garry remained motionless, perspiration gathering on his forehead.

Helen looked him straight in the face. "Are you going to let that dog drown under my nose?" she asked. "I . . . I didn't think you were a coward."

"But . . . but I can't swim!" said Garry, helplessly.

An instant later there was a second splosh. Helen herself had jumped into the harbour. With two powerful strokes she reached the struggling little dog, and, holding him with one hand, swam to shore.

Two hours later Garry sat in his bedroom. Ho Shi Fu lay wrapped in a blanket upon a hot water bottle on the bed. In his right hand Garry held a letter, which he read for the third time.

"Miss Thrawl is returning to Captain Garrivale his dog, as she is unable to accept presents from a man she hardly knows, and is never likely to see again."

"A-tishu!" sneezed Ho Shi Fu.

A. M.

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

CAPITAL APPRECIATION

London Clubs

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

No. III.—"THE BATH"

MAKING LONDON BRIGHTER

by "Blanchette"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *January* 23

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER a grey month always, isn't it, this January of ours? When Nature seems dull and lifeless, and the country sunk deep in its winter sleep, and even the crocus and scilla, and other tiny spots of brightness in the land hardly venture yet to push their little heads out above ground to give us just a sort of a promise that things *are* going to grow and bloom again sometime, somewhere, somehow.

EVEN in Town it has a way of bringing along rather a kind of Monday morning feeling—and especially this particular January as ever is. Which 'parently has brought to a head at last the long-seething discontent of them who for months, not to say years, have watched with growing sorrow *and* anger the dreadful degeneration of dear old London. Till now, so we're told, this poor little old burg (as they put it in the U.S.) is positively notorious all the world over for its "dulness, drabness and lack of gaiety!"

"Not sure Chelsea isn't a brighter example"

BUT fear not, dear cousin, likewise cheer up and take heart. We're going to change all that. And no longer are we to suffer meekly and in silence from

The lowest of the low-down blues,

as the Trix sisters sing in *A to Z*. Some of us, p'raps, hadn't quite properly realised *how* dull and drab we really were, but that's by the way. Anyway, now you may be sure we're going to be thoroughly and completely brightened up, 'cos there's been a Brighter London Society specially formed to do it, and going to start in on the job right now.

ALREADY they've got at least one Bishop to back them up—which proves it's all quite correct and O.K., doesn't it?—and Mr. Nevinson, the artist, to help 'em to paint London (quite respectably) pink, besides Lord Curzon and Mr. Selfridge, and all sorts of other great men of the moment. And they're going to improve and beautify just about everything that can be made beautiful, and wash out everything dreary and ugly, from Pussyfoot rules to fogs. . . .

"One bishop at least with them"

ALMOST takes one's breath away, doesn't it—the delightful and fascinating prospect? Especially about the fogs. Does it include 'flu, too, I wonder? Which seems to be going strong as ever still, spite of daily gargle drills at the Savoy and places, and must be a particularly hateful and horrible type this time, according to what the doctors say. Strictly order us, among other things, they do for instance, to give up "unnecessary kissing." I ask you . . . Though, is *any* kissing unnecessary—necessary I mean, of course? Anyway, the sooner such a boring sort of disease gets abolished by *some* one the better, what?

BUT what a lovely lot of brightening the B.L.S. *will* be able to do when they really get going, won't they? And while they're about it, wouldn't really be a bad way of starting to make London brighter—by making it a bit cheaper first of all. Quite lots of us for instance, members of the honourable company of the *nouveaux* (or *anciens*) *pauvres*, have positively had to take to doing our dancing at home most nights, to the music of the humble but inexpensive gramophone, these days of

"MAKING LONDON BRIGHTER" (*concluded*)

costly dance places combined with income tax at six bob in the pound.

By the time, you know, that you (or whoever happens to be handing it out on the night) have paid for dancing and food and drink at one of the big clubs or restaurants, *and* settled for the taxi home, you find there's such a fearful shrinkage in your stock of Fishers that you begin to wish you'd bought everything you wanted at the sales instead. No wonder people are rather taking to the dance-tea habit again, especially at the less frightfully ruinous places like the Empress Rooms, where you can tea sumptuously and dance luxuriously on the best floor in Town for the modest sum of four shillings all told! At Rector's, too, they've just started quite new *thés dansants* all of their own at five bob a time, and then, of course, there's the Hyde Park ones and the (rather dearer) Roof Garden, and lots more.

"Wash out everything dreary from Pussyfoot rules to fogs"

Really believe that would prove to be more than half the secret, if any, of a brighter London—to get it made a cheaper one . . . though as to *how*, 'fraid I must leave it to the professional brighteners to work out. As things are, those of us who *do* bravely and persistently, not to say recklessly, keep on keeping on just as before, have ever before us the spectre of bankruptcy courts and all that sort of thing . . . which, I suppose, doesn't in the end quite conduce somehow to the spirit of gaiety and brightness, etc., as desired—what?

Almost makes one pine and yearn, in fact, for the quiet and carefree existence of the simple-lifers of the Cotswold Hills that we've been hearing so much about lately. Who, according to the chroniclers, "steadfastly and utterly refuse to pay a penny for anything they require," and solve the money trouble by "reducing the currency to a system of barter." Rather a good brightening idea, what?

To go to the Ritz, for instance, and pay them (after the coffee, I think, to be on the safe side) your old fox furs that you wouldn't be seen dead in, for one of those lunches made up of everything that *isn't* on the card, and accompanied by a bottle or two of Bollinger 1911, *plus* a few priceless Courvoisier brandies and other trimmings to match! Or, after a really complete evening at Ciro's, to offer M. Soso (as the band really *did* play rather extra well to-night) a perfectly good (paper) box at the Duke of Wales's Theatre in full settlement, tips and cigarettes included. Yes . . . on the whole . . . I do think that *would* rather tend to *brighten* things, too!

"You find there's such a fearful shrinkage in your stock of Fishers"

Once they start on the brightening tack, though, perfectly wonderful, I'm sure, the amount of voluntary help that'll spring up to help the great cause. There's Mr. Augustus John, for one, who's burning to brighten up the movies by adding to 'em "just that touch of style, imagination, technique, fancy," which can only be produced by artists such as . . . but he's much too modest to let us even begin to guess whom he may possibly mean.

Talking of artists and people, do hope the new society'll be present in force and without fail at the Chelsea Arts Ball that's to happen at the Albert Hall on February 8 next. Because, *imprimis* and in the first place, it's really part of their official agenda, so to speak, being a "Brighter London" ball, and, what's more, "Brighter London a Hundred Years Hence"—so that they can calmly and soberly survey the probable results of their noble efforts, as thought out by some of the greatest minds in that home of great and deep thought (as well as delightful people), Chelsea.

And, secondly—nearly forgot it—'cos if you really want to know how to brighten things and same time live more or less within your modest means, not sure Chelsea isn't really in that direction rather a brightish example. It mayn't have much money—fairly seldom has any of its own, in fact—but it does see life.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

AN EASY GAME FOR WINTER EVENINGS

SPORT of the WEEK IN PICTURES

Photograph *Central News*

C. N. LOWE GETS AWAY WITH A PASS FROM L. G. BROWN

The return Rugby match between Blackheath and the Harlequins was remarkable not only for its fine play but for the splendid spirit in which it was contested. The Harlequins, thanks in a great measure to A. L. Gracie, the Scottish International, and B. L. Jacob, the Oxonian, won by 11 points to 6. On the losing side Lowe and Brown, as usual, were a tower of strength

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE KENT LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM

Who at Kew recently won their county match with the Surrey ladies by three goals to two

Photograph *Alfieri*

MLLE. SYLVIA JUNG

The Young French lawn tennis player, aged 17, whose prowess at the game is the talk of the Riviera. At Cannes where this photo was taken, she put up a great fight in the final of the ladies' Singles against Miss Ryan

Photograph *G. P. U.*

KEEN FORWARD PLAY IN THE OPEN BETWEEN THE LONDON SCOTTISH AND THE UNITED SERVICES, CHATHAM

This match was played at Richmond on a ground that was dangerously hard in places owing to frost, but it nevertheless proved thoroughly enjoyable and had a most exciting finish, for the try which gave the Services (who are seen in striped jerseys) the victory by 16 points to 13 was only gained in the last minute of the game. The Scottish were leading at one time by 13 points to 6

Photograph *British Illus Co.*

JUST A TRIFLE MUDDY, BUT WHAT OF THAT?

What the Cambridge team looked like at half-time in their match with Guy's Hospital. Owing to the thaw on Wednesday last, the ground at Honor Oak Park soon became a sea of mud, but Guy's nevertheless played fine football and won by 18 points to nil. Cambridge only had six Blues playing

Photograph] **FOUR BADMINTON FINALISTS** *[Keystone, View Co.*

Photographed at Seacombe, near Liverpool, where the Northern championships of badminton were held recently. Sir George Thomas and Miss K. McKane (on the right-hand side of the net) won the mixed doubles championship, beating R. du Roveray and Mrs. Tragett in the final

Photograph *L. N. A.*

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ONE?

F. Petersen, the champion skater, doing one of his favourite stunts at St. Moritz while going at full tilt

Photograph] **LE THÉ AU GRAND AIR** *[Alfieri*

In the wonderful climate of Switzerland Miss Daisy Markham and Mrs. Hanka, who won the ladies' skating championship of the world in 1919, are able to enjoy their afternoon tea in the midst of the snow outside their hotel at St. Moritz

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE NEW LADY MASTER OF THE TEDWORTH

Miss Amy Fairhurst, M.F.H. (left), with two well-known followers, Miss Heseltine (centre), and Lady Ernest St. Maur

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK

At a meet of the V.W.H. (Cirencester)

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Hard Lines

It is bad luck to be laid aside by a fall in the height of the season, especially in the case of an M.F.H. so keen alike about the hounds and the riding as Mrs. Walter Faber is. She will only be able to hack about for the rest of the season, and that is why she is selling all her hunters, excepting two old favourites, at Leicester this week. I guess there will be some keen bidding for them. Few women are mounted so well as she is, as the Pytchley people will testify. Her stud is composed of splendid performers, including one chestnut for whom she gave 500 guineas, and who has proved himself worth every penny of it. Mrs. Fernie will carry on the High Leicestershire pack single-handed for the rest of the season. And with Arthur Thatcher quite in his old form, and the country less encumbered with wire than it was last year, the followers of the Fernie should be in for a good second half.

And Here, Too

It is to be feared, too, that Capt. W. M. Muir will be unable to ride to hounds again this season. The injuries he received when he caught his back against a low-hanging branch were severe. Those who saw his attempt to squeeze through a rather impracticable place say that he was fortunate not to smash his spine. He and his wife have made themselves very popular in the Cotswold country. Captain Muir plays a good game of polo as well as being a fine rider to hounds, and usually takes part in the tournaments of the Cheltenham Club,

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LORD WORCESTER

Out with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds at Badminton (Glos.). Lord Worcester is hunting one of his father's packs this year and showing excellent sport

which has an ideal position in the centre of Prestbury Park. We hope to be there before long for the great National Hunt meeting.

From "B.A."

This reference to polo reminds me that we are to have a visit from an Argentine team in the coming season. Our friends from South America are not so powerful as those from the U.S. who so successfully raided these shores last summer. But it would be well not to underestimate their ability. I know that one or two of them are extra good. Mr. Lewis Lacey, for instance, is a real champion. Mr. John Traill has told me a lot about him, and it will be exceedingly interesting to see him perform at the London clubs. In Mr. J. Miles they possess another exceptionally fine player. Even if they fail against a picked England team they are quite likely to win one or two of the London tournaments. It is said that they are bringing fifty Argentine ponies with them, and I don't suppose they will take many back.

East Essex Loss

Hunting people in East Essex are to be condoled with in the loss they have sustained by the death last week of Mr. Reginald Duke Hill. I doubt if there is another man in that part of the country who has worked harder for fox-hunting than he did. Long before he became M.F.H. — and that was thirteen

seasons ago—Mr. Hill had put in much valuable work as the honorary secretary of the Hunt. He helped to steer it through those troublous times when mange devastated one side of the country. Under his Mastership an improved subscription was forthcoming, to his credit it can be said that the country to-day is in as satisfactory a condition as it has ever been.

Another Wedding Gift

Nor to be behind the members of the West Norfolk Hunt in the wedding gift they recently made to Princess Mary, the followers of the Bramham Moor Hunt have arranged to make a presentation to Lord Lascelles to mark the approaching happy occasion. The gift is to take the form of a fine old grandfather clock. Its mellow chimes will serve to remind Lord Lascelles of pleasant days spent with the pack during his first season in the Joint Mastership.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LADY MAINWARING

At a recent meet of the Beaufort

Those connected with the Hunt hope that they will enjoy his services in that position for many years to come. Next season Major Edward Lascelles joins him in the command, and in due course the hounds will be hunted from Harewood, just as they were a hundred years ago.

After the Snow

The middle of the month has been rather a chequered time for hounds owing to frost and snow, but the wintry visitation will do no harm. The land will be freshened up by the snow, and there should be a marked improvement in scenting conditions. A journey from the Northern Midlands to the South last week showed that the cold snap had dealt comparatively lightly with the southern hunting countries. We passed through snow to the depth of several inches in the Shires, but there were few signs of it when we neared Town. In the Duke of Beaufort's country there was scarcely any interruption of hunting, hounds being mainly confined to work in extensive woodlands when the frost was most severe. February is usually the best hunting month of the season, and the outlook this time is promising.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MEET OF THE HAMPSHIRE FOXHOUNDS AT HACKWOOD PARK

The Master, Major A. C. Bovill, D.S.O., M.C. (standing), chatting to General Jeffreys and Lady Cantelupe. Hackwood Park is the residence of the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

LADY DIANA SOMERSET

Younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. She is a keen follower of the hunt

Wanted—M.F.H.'s

Among the latest resignations is that of Major Henry Hawkins from the Mastership of the Atherstone—a pack he has hunted since Mrs. Inge retired. This country has been hunted by many famous sportsmen, including Col. Anstruther Thomson, and not much difficulty ought to be experienced in finding a new M.F.H.

Other packs which now have gaps to fill are the Badsworth in Yorkshire, the Lamerton in Devon, the Worcestershire, the Suffolk, and the Ledbury in Herefordshire, so any eligible young sportsman who is keen to try his hand at the Mastership of hounds now has an excellent opportunity of choosing a good country. I think the demand for M.F.H.'s will not exceed the supply, as in spite of modern difficulties the job has many attractions for the right men. A. W. C.

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Mr. Topham's Task

MR. TOPHAM is now putting the finishing touches to his annual handicapping effort, and the Grand National weights will be out on Thursday evening. I am afraid that he has not found much scope for the niceties of his art. When you get an entry of ninety-two and are obliged to bring them all within the narrow range of 35 lb. you cannot hope to practise the finer shades of handicapping. I daresay that not far short of a third of the Grand National horses will be lumped together on the 10 st. mark. An interesting handicap could be made of this lot alone.

The Minimum Weight

WHY have the Liverpool people gone back on the system of making 9 st. 7 lb. the bottom weight in the Grand National? I do not remember to have seen their reasons expressed in print. It has been suggested that the 10 st. minimum was restored because it was thought that it would eliminate the bad horses from the entry. If this was really the case, the object has certainly not been achieved. The nominations are exactly as large as they were last year, and we find the usual number of horses who haven't an earthly of getting once round the Aintree country, let alone twice. I think that if you fixed the Grand National minimum at 11 st. you would still get a huge entry, for it is the ace of aces among steeplechases, and owners would continue to enter all sorts of horses "just for luck."

Luck of the Race

THE trouble is that colossal fields make the race depend too much upon luck. Besides being a great jumper and a thorough stayer, a Grand National winner has to have fortune on his side in avoiding being brought down through no fault of his own. However, we cannot hope to keep moderate horses away from Aintree any more than we can prevent selling-platers marring the Derby field if they happen to be eligible. There is always a chance, of course, that an unconsidered outsider will cut down the favourites in the great steeplechase. Horses have won the race at the first time of asking, but for my part I like to take on my side animals who have shown that they can get over the Aintree jumps, either in the big race itself or in the minor 'chases on the course. That is one of the reasons why I thought Always would make a fine show this year if it had not been necessary to destroy him after his unfortunate accident at Newbury. There is also a considerable doubt about The Bore. I sincerely hope Mr. Harry Brown will be able to get him all right in time for Liverpool.

BY "THE TOUT"

"THE NUT"

As Mr. W. B. Purefoy is affectionately known to all racegoers, has, we hear, announced his intention of coming back to the Turf next season; and with that objective in view is here seen refreshing his memory. Is he going to "spring" another "Lally" on us?

Will He Do It Again?

SHAUN SPADAH is bound to have plenty of followers again. He has been given an easy time since his triumph last spring, and should come out fresh and well. Of course, he will have appreciably more weight on his back this time, but weight didn't stop Manifesto from winning a second time, nor did it hamper Poethlyn when he made his first appearance at Aintree. The great thing to know is that Shaun Spadah both jumps and stays the course, so even if the handicapper puts him on the 12 st. 7 lb. mark it will be impossible to escape the good chance he possesses of scoring again. The question of topweight seems to rest between him and Sir Huon.

Kempton

IN spite of the rather depressing conditions under which it started, the Newbury meeting last week was full of interest. Indeed, it is quite the exception not to get a first-class meeting there. At the end of the present week there should be some good sport at Kempton Park. I question whether the penalty incurred by **St. Corentin** will prevent him from winning the big hurdle handicap on Friday, while on the following day **Daydawn** may win the Cranford Steeplechase, in which I expect Shaun Spadah will make his first appearance this winter.

"CARBINE"

Structural Alterations

FROM the yachting notes in a recent issue of a contemporary we learn that "there is still considerable work to be done on *Amphitrite* (ex-*Hinemoa*), aux. schooner, Colonel A. M. B. Gage, whose internal accommodation is being entirely re-arranged." Let us hope, notwithstanding, that his heart will still be in the right place.

Hunting in the Cider Country

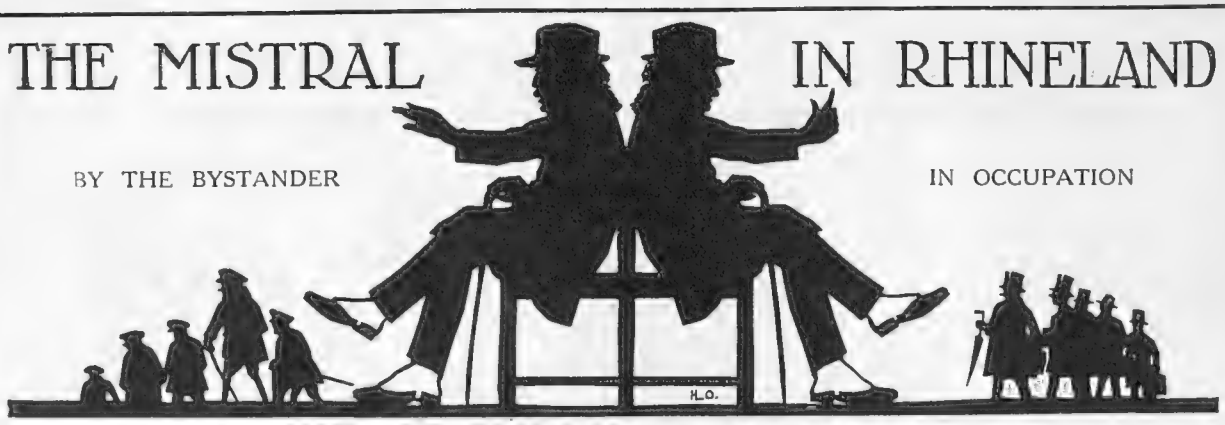
BY "THE TOUT"

SKETCHES WITH THE NORTH HEREFORDSHIRE AND SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE

The Earl of Essex, who is Master of the North Herefords, is also his own huntsman. Mr. H. A. Clive and Mr. R. E. Pritchard are Joint Masters of the South, the former also hunting his hounds. Both packs have shown good sport this season. The Ross Harriers (in South Herefordshire) are one of the oldest packs in the Kingdom

THE MISTRAL IN RHINELAND

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION



"Dr. Jekyll Lloyd and Mr. Hyde George"

LIFE on the Rhine is really getting to be nothing but one anxiety after another. First Father Rhine threatens to freeze us out, then the "Grippe" to drive us all out in Red Cross waggons, and then—most unkindest cut of all—a beastly *mistral* from the Riviera simply to *blow* us out. In other words, "Occupation Musical Chairs" is once again in full swing, and around the already much-reduced number of comfortable (office) chairs their would-be permanent occupants are revolving with an ever-increasing elbowing and shoving of one another—and an ear anxiously attuned to catch the fatal pause in the music provided by the Concert of the Powers in Cannes, Genoa, or wherever the orchestra may be at the moment.

IT would be interesting to know the number of condemned men's last jests which have been bravely made on the subject of "L.G.'s Uncannesy Suggestions," "No Cannes do," and so forth. And all of it owing to nasty rumours about economy, withdrawals of troops and commissions, and the neutralisation of Rhineland. In offices and places where they write anxiety has risen to fever pitch. People accustomed to pass an idle hour comfortably composing a minute got so wound up that they were able to throw off a second in a quarter of an hour, and so to speed up the production of—(no, Charles, that's the Army word for it—in peace time, we just say "paper")—to an extent that produced an epidemic of Roneo-elbow in the manual labour department.

AS if that were not enough, come horrid stories of men with big jaws and bigger axes which they are simply dying to swing. They need not expect a welcome in the backwoods of Cologne and Coblenz. Unlike their more horny-handed prototypes, political woodsmen have a reputation of hewing down modest little trees and letting the tougher giants—say the £2,000 a year oaks and elms—stand. It is the saplings, knowing the ways of these political axe-wielders, who are shivering in the cold Mistral from the Riviera, and envying those of their number who are lucky enough to be firmly planted in the shelter of some forest giant. One hope remains. Should Dr. Jekyll Lloyd really insist on military evacuation and creation of a neutral zone in Rhineland, surely—oh! surely, Mr. Hyde George will stipulate for the neutralisation to be carried out and permanently watched over by an Allied commission of vast size and emoluments?

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

"Accustomed to pass an idle hour comfortably composing a minute"

SOMETHING must be done. The stimulus given to the study of the German language by these periodical "departmental economy" scares is enormous. More, and ever more complete German experts—some of them Germany-Can-Payists, some Germany-Can't-Payists, and some mere Making-Germany-Pay-Jolly-Well-Pays-Usists—are being produced. They cannot *all* become consuls or Schiebers, or—luckily for the Editor—BYSTANDER artists or correspondents.

IT is possible that France is coming to our rescue. She has discovered, it seems, a "danger to the security of the Troops in Occupation" in the methods of elementary school teachers in Rhineland, and it has been decided to appoint an Allied Committee to see that little Fritz is taught to love his (Western) neighbour as himself. Here, surely, is the "better 'ole" we want for our surplus German experts—in which they may sit for ever with ears attuned to catch little Fritz's first threat to our Armies—the first click of his pop-gun. And if the mere ability to stand the atmosphere of a hermetically sealed German class-room in winter be not sufficient test of their "expertness," why not insist on their donning the jelly-bag caps beloved of German students? Only a thoroughly Germanised Englishman in desperate need of a job could face that test.

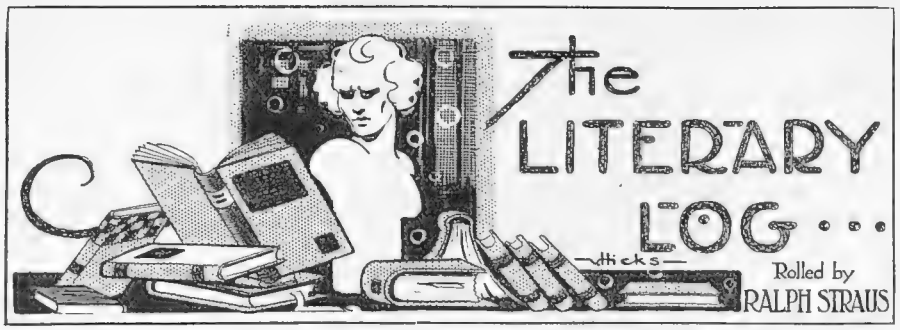
ERIC GORDON

Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*

YE OLDE CHESHIRE CHEESE:
Famous Old Fleet Street Inn, frequented by Dr. Johnson.

SHADE OF DR. JOHNSON: "As Boswell has recorded, I told Ogilvie that 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him' out of Scotland! You, Johnnie Walker, have made it equally pleasant to the rest of the world."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



SHOULD a novel "have a purpose" or not? Should it do more than tell a story and by so doing interpret life? This is one of those questions which keep a score or more of earnest literary societies in being. God knows the answer. But if a novel be brimful of new ideas, if it suggests the foundations for a fresh way of thinking, then, it may be, we shall considerably profit. Which brings me to an unusual novel, the work of an unusual writer. Mr. A. M. Ludovici's *What Woman Wishes* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is not a "great" novel in the sense that it blazons new truths which can never again be hidden from sight; it is not without faults of technique; but it is most exceedingly interesting, whether you regard it as the story of a woman's sacrifice or as a political pamphlet.

❀

YOUNG Lord Chiddingley sets out to weld the saner Tory views with those put forward by the more moderate of the Labour people; a sort of modern Disraeli in fact. His programme contains two planks which are not generally found to-day—purer food and drink for the people and a more accurate knowledge of their language. With the help of a girl of the people, with whom he falls deeply in love, he wins an important by-election (very splendidly described), but it is an unfortunate fact that a grand passion frequently interferes with a public career, and in this case the matter is complicated by the fact that Lord Chiddingley is already married. It would not be fair to Mr. Ludovici to give away his solution of the problem, but his story maintains its interest to the end. His people, moreover, are described with much care, and there is an air of distinction over every page of his novel. Very distinctly *What Woman Wishes* is a book to read and remember and discuss.

❀

BUT there is more to be said. One of the young enthusiasts in this book is the author of a piece of political writing about which most of Mr. Ludovici's readers will want to know more. Good. Their desire can be granted, for I fancy that Mr. Ludovici's other new book, *The False Assumptions of "Democracy"* (Heath Cranton: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), is not too different from the work in question. Here you see put into plain words some of those half-understood ideas about social life which even the most socialistically inclined must, if they be honest, have harboured at one time or other in their minds.

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Whose novel, "If Winter Comes," has met with such phenomenal success that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the publishers, had to print no fewer than four editions between December 1 and Christmas Day. In the United States, as in England, presses have literally been running night and day to cope with the demand

The questions of "equality" and "freedom" are not so simple when you come to examine them without bias. "Justice" is pleasant—it fits in with our ideas of what we want to see—but is it biologically sound? Is it even biologically desirable? Mr. Ludovici is bold, so bold sometimes as to shock. He may not be right in all his conclusions, but at least he has done what lesser men rarely do: he has been supremely honest with himself. Here, if you have taken most human beliefs for granted, you will find one after another of them being hurled ruthlessly out of court. In an introductory letter Lord Willoughby de Broke hazards the opinion that the book has been written at an opportune moment. It may be so, but I am afraid that its public appeal will be small in an age of slushy sentimentalities. Yet even if it only annoys the majority, there will be a minority who will cherish it, and they may be able to help on Mr. Ludovici's propaganda. In any case, even though you may incline towards the Bolshevistic way of doing things, you cannot fail to be interested in the book, nor will you fail to make a point of reading the other works of this stimulating writer.

❀

A WARM word of welcome is due to Mr. Selwyn Jepson, the well-known novelist's son. His first novel is a joy of a thing. *The Qualified Adventurer* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is one Peter Duff, who edits "Adventure Novels" in London until chance hurls him headlong into a quite astonishing adventure himself. Duffy, indeed, has his fill of excitements, including a search for Manchu treasure, fights on a ship, and a quite unusual heroine; and Mr. Jepson keeps a nice little surprise for the end. Altogether a very good yarn of most admirable promise. R. S.

THE other day everyone was laughing at the description of the "oddest livelihood on earth," that of the gentleman who sits all day in a boat on the Thames, watching for workmen to fall from a bridge at present in the hands of the painter. One would be loath, says Mr. H. M. Forbes in *The Graphic*, to challenge the claim of so curious an office-holder to having quite the oddest job in Christendom; but is this boatman of the Thames the final word in money-making novelties? Can he claim to be a more curious individual than the gentleman who goes from door to door soliciting business as a dog-comber, as tonsorial artist to the brotherhood of bow-wows? Can he consider his vocation in any way quainter than that of the umbrella doctor, the itinerary chiropodist, the man who makes baskets at the street corners, the water-diviner, the master artisan who in hail and sun is prepared, "for a consideration," to mend dolls' legs, lighten their heads, bring back to their faded complexions the rose of health and happiness? Among other curious callings noted in an entertaining article are the professional "Waker-up" who rouses the horny-handed sons of toil from the land of nod, the tatooer, the cigar-end collector, the professional witness who loiters about certain registry offices, the paid hotel guest, the down-and-out schoolmaster who pens sermons for brain-fagged clerics, and the hack who devils for the politician.

10 Days Free

We supply this test to every home that asks. Simply mail the coupon.

You will never forget the delightful effects, or ever desire to lose them.

The Joys
That white teeth bring

Millions of people have found them out in this delightful way. This is to urge that you do so—and now.

Combat the film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains.

That film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. Teeth that should glisten—millions of them—are kept clouded by that film.

That film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth and the acids may cause decay.

Nearly all tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. And, under old brushing methods, those troubles have been constantly increasing.

Ways to end it

Ordinary tooth pastes do not effectively fight film—well-brushed teeth, as most folks know, discolour and decay.

So dental science has in late years sought effective film combatants. Two have now been found. Both are embodied in a new-day tooth paste—called Pepsodent—for twice-daily application.

Able authorities have proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists, almost the world over, are advising its adoption.

Five new effects

Pepsodent combats that film with every application. It keeps teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It multiplies, also, the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids as they form.

Twice daily it brings these five desired effects. And modern authorities say the tooth paste should bring them.

Watch these effects and judge them for yourself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Judge by the benefits you feel. Judge by what your mirror shows. Then decide if you should join the millions who now clean teeth in this way.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied in large tubes by all druggists.

South African Distributors: VERRINDER, Ltd., 105, Adderley Street, Cape Town, to whom South African readers may send coupon.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 710

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
(Dept. 153), 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

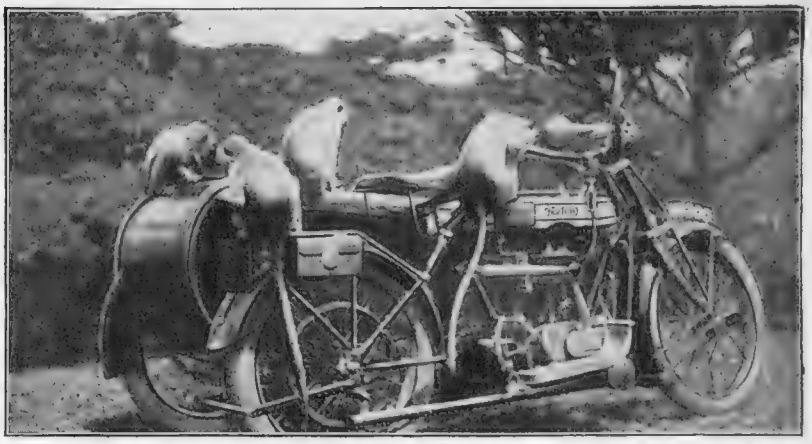
Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 25/1/22

MOTOR NOTES

At the end of last year the entries received for the two car T.T. races in the Isle of Man in June were rather disappointing, but as the list does not close finally until noon on March 31 there remains some hope that more than three manufacturers will endeavour to prove the merits of the machines they construct by taking part in this contest. For the moment teams of three cars apiece have been entered by the Sunbeam, Vauxhall, and Bentley firms for the 3,000 c.c. engine class—the three-litre—for the Tourist Trophy itself and for the light car race, restricted to 1,500 c.c. motors, three Sunbeams, one A.C., three Aston-Martins, three Crossley-Bugattis, one Hillman, three Talbot-Darracqs, and one Alvis have been entered. Time alone will show if further entries will be made, but it would appear that motorists prefer racing on the Brooklands track to taking part in such contests on the road.

***

In France they have no speedway as we have at Brooklands, so the entries for the Grand Prix Races at Strasbourg on July 15 and 16 are more numerous than the R.A.C. have received for the Tourist Trophy Race. For the Grand Prix itself, which is confined to cars with engines not exceeding 2,000 c.c. capacity — two litres—eighteen entries have been received to the nine in the British counterpart for larger cars. There are three Rolland-Pilain's, three Sunbeams, two Delages, two Aston-Martins, one Pilain, three Fiats, three Bugattis, and one Mathis.



PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS

A unique snapshot taken in the African Bush of a "Norton" motor-cycle being examined by curious monkeys. They evidently think they are on a good thing

On the Sunday following the car race in France, and over the same course, there is to be a fuel consumption race; three Voisins, three Delages, one A.M., three Bignans, one Pilain, three Peugots, and two Bugattis are entered. As all these latter cars have to be ordinary four-seated sporting touring vehicles, which must at least average 16.6 miles to the gallon of oil and petrol, it will be interesting to see which design will attain the highest speed with a limited amount of fuel and oil. No doubt the four-seated bodies will require a good stretch of imagination to be believed as "touring" cars, but, still, a certain amount of load has to be carried, no doubt in "dead" weight, as I fancy the live passenger would never squeeze into the space allotted for the purpose.

***

I am reminded that I forgot to include the name of Sir Alfred S. Mays-Smith in the motoring New Year Honours List, the genial President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who received his knighthood on that occasion. Bless your heart alive! I wished to spare his extra blushes, as, modest man as he is, he hates publicity, but, all the same, no man deserved his accolade more than he, as lots and lots of hard work has he put in, both for the motor trade itself and the users of the machines, in trying to persuade the powers that be to lighten our taxes and give us better roads. Congratulations, Sir Alfred, and let's hope it won't affect your handicap—plus three A.G.S.

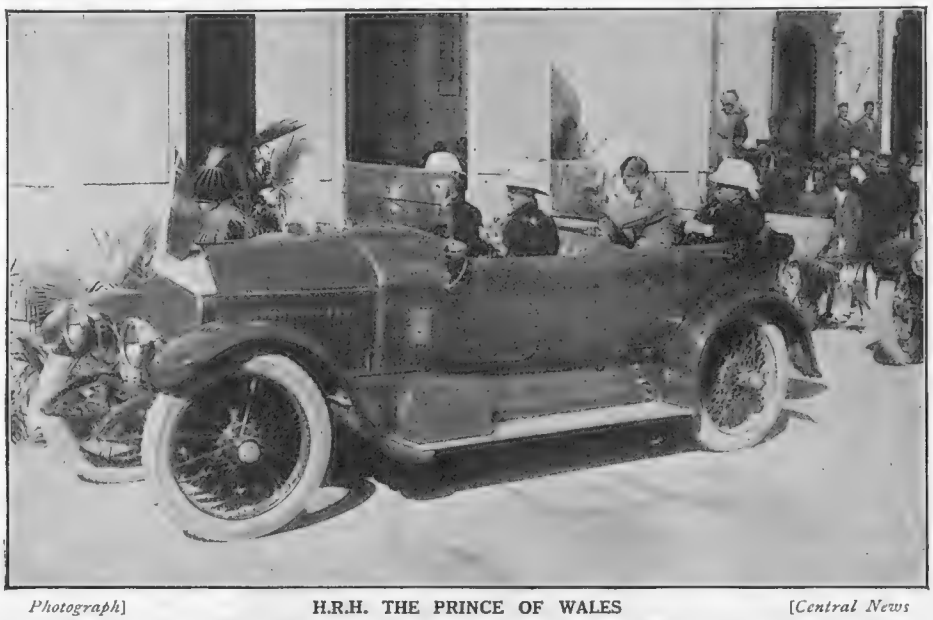
***

New years usually bring new resolutions of deeds to be done. It would appear that motorists for 1922 had better make up their minds to pay more attention to their electrical equipment than they used to. Test the acid in the cells every fortnight in winter and each week in summer, top up at least every fortnight with distilled water, don't forget to vaseline the terminals to prevent corrosion; in fact, jolly well keep your eyes on that box of accumulators every motoring hour of your life. I don't think. It is quite right to pay these some attention, but, goodness me! the average owner has neither time nor inclination to mess about with his car to that extent, and the sooner the battery folk realise that the better.

***

Everybody knows that the life of a battery seldom exceeds three years, whatever you do to it, as by that time it wants an overhaul to see how much paste is off the plates and the rubbish at the bottom of the cells cleared away. But if motorists have to give an almost daily attention to them (which is not needed) I can see our good old Allen-Liversidge get-you-home acetylene emergency sets becoming permanent fixtures on all cars again. In any case, during these dark long nights every car should be provided with these A.-L. sets, as being self-contained they do not depend upon any other source to give the light that never fails.

Old Hy.



Photograph] **H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES** [*Central News*

Leaving the Courts of Justice at Allahabad in the Crossley car he is using throughout his Indian tour. This car is one of a fleet of twelve Crossleys, which are the only official cars used during the entire tour

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY

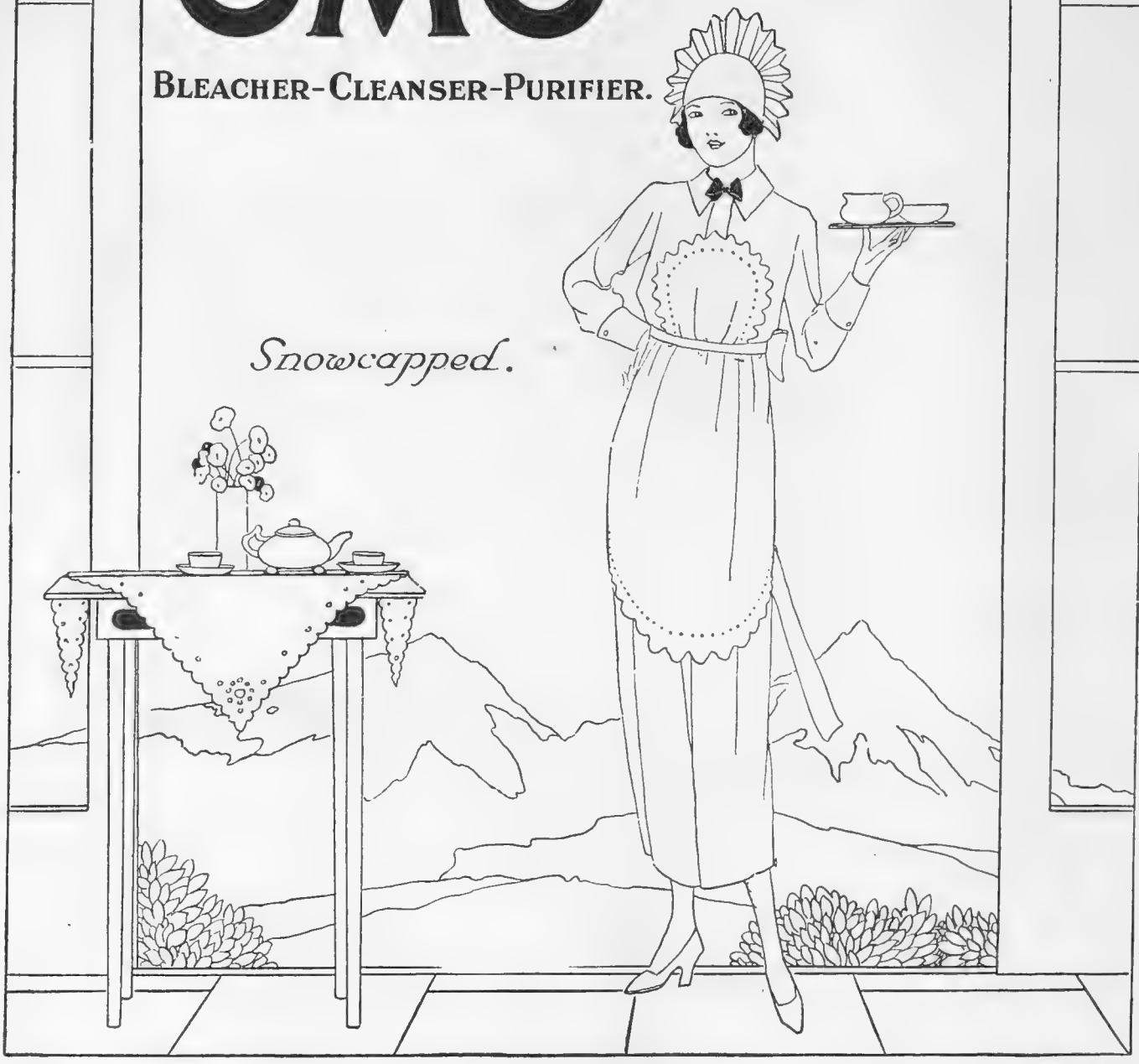
"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

OMO

BLEACHER-CLEANSER-PURIFIER.

Snowcapped.



OMO is a boon to all who seek to maintain the charm and whiteness of tablecloths, serviettes, afternoon tea cloths, and the caps and aprons of those who wait at table. OMO makes such things a feast of delight to the eye.

NOT FOR COLOURS, WOOLLENS OR FLANNELS.

Put the white things into cold water with OMO, bring to the boil, let them boil for half-an-hour, rinse and hang to dry.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

E. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH & LONDON.

O 157—84

OMO is made by HUDSON'S —a name famous in every household

WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces.

Last Week of WINTER SALE

Typical examples of the unusual bargains ladies can secure until the end of the month. They cannot be repeated.

SHEETS.

Bargain Lots of Superior Quality Linen Sheets.

	Hemmed.		Hemstitched,	
LOT 1. Strong durable make	2 x 3 yds.	2 x 3½ yds.	2 x 3 yds.	2 x 3½ yds.
Sale Price	45/-	52/6	52/-	59/6 per pr.
LOT 2. Heavy serviceable quality	2 x 3½ yds.	2½ x 3½ yds.	2 x 3½ yds.	2½ x 3½ yds.
Sale Price	74/6	94/6	84/-	107/- per pr.

WE PAY CARRIAGE on all orders in the British Isles.

If a new customer, London references or cash with order will facilitate despatch.

PILLOW CASES.

All Pure Linen Hemstitched Pillow Cases.

No. 1. Good useful quality. Size 20 x 30 ins. Sale Price 6/9 each

WALPOLE BROTHERS

(London, Ltd.)

89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

The "COLLIER II."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, "Pull-on" Velour "De Luxe," combining a close head fitting with large appearance: "Man's Crown." Absolutely waterproof, with brim adjustable to any shape to suit the wearer, and made in the superfine quality Velour only. For all sporting wear, beautifully light in weight, and is unaffected by any weather. In Black, Grey, Beige, Saxe, Brown, Navy, Nigger, Old Gold, Copper, Rose, Mole, etc. Price **3½ Gns.**

Kindly state size of head—small, medium, large, or extra large.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1.

UNIVERSAL HAIR Co

ESTABLISHED 1895.

WEST END BRANCH—1, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST., W. 1 (Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

TRANSFORMATIONS

LIGHT GREY AND SPECIAL SHADES EXTRA.

ANY DESIGN TO ORDER.

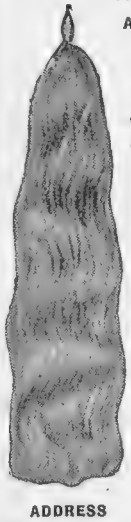
PRICE ACCORDING TO QUANTITY OF HAIR,

97/6, 72/9 & 50/9

WITH NATURAL SKIN PARTING,

FROM **6 Gns.**

ACCORDING TO LENGTH OF PARTING.



TOUPETS,

WITH NATURAL SKIN PARTING,

FROM **50/9**

Every description of Ornamental Hairwork Undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HUMAN HAIR.

16 in.,	5/9	22 in.,	15/9
18 in.,	8/9	24 in.,	22/9
20 in.,	11/9	26 in.	26/9
28 in.,	37/9.		

Any length to order.

FOR GOODS ON APPROVAL SEE OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

POST FREE.

ADDRESS MANAGERESS: **80-84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E.4.**

Lotus & Delta

All Boot Shops

Are not Lotus Agencies—but all Lotus Agencies are good boot shops, and they are something more. Every Lotus agent is a specialist in boot fitting, a man of his craft, a merchant who gives service. Seek out the Lotus agent in your own neighbourhood and let him explain to you the possibilities of superfine fitting which go with all types of Lotus and Delta boots and shoes for men and women.

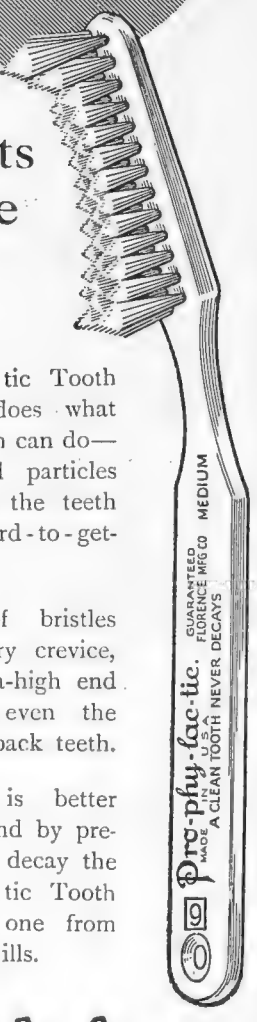
"DELTA"

Women's Style No. 331C 37/6

A stout serviceable box calf with wonderful wear-resisting properties.

LOTUS LTD
STAFFORD

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



Dentists endorse the

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It does what no other brush can do—removes food particles from between the teeth and other hard-to-get-at places.

The tufts of bristles penetrate every crevice, and the extra-high end tuft cleans even the backs of the back teeth.

"Prevention is better than cure," and by preventing tooth decay the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush saves one from many serious ills.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

GENUINE only in YELLOW BOX

Adult's, youth's, and child's sizes—with hard, medium, or soft bristles — one quality only — genuine only in the YELLOW BOX—**3/-** Of all Chemists, Stores, etc., *or, if any difficulty, send post free on receipt of price.*

Free by Return

"Tooth Truths" shows how neglect of teeth leads to digestive disorders, poisoned nerves, congested liver and other maladies. Send postcard for this illuminating free booklet.

WILLIAM E. PECK & CO., Inc., 31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

11

Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co., Mass., U.S.A.

Reduction in Price

Stephenson's Furniture Cream

In Bottles at 4½*d.* 9*d.* 1/6 & 3/-

Floor Polish

In Tins at 3½*d.* 7*d.* 1/2 & 2/6

Correct Quality – Correct Prices.

FOSTER CLARK'S

THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD FOR PARTIES AND DANCES

Sold in family tins 1/1, family packets 9½d. and in small packets.

CREAM CUSTARD

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

4s. 8d. a tin AT ALL CHEMISTS

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

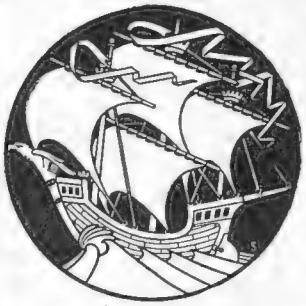
The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

SARDINIA HOUSE KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2.

WELCOME ALWAYS - KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY



R·M·S·P NEW YORK SERVICE

By the "O" Steamers

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

18, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

Days for "Ovaltine"

DAYS of sleet and rain, days of warm muggy weather alternating with periods of icy winds and bitter cold—these are the days which sap the strength and lower the vitality.

These are the days for "Ovaltine." This delicious beverage gives strength and vitality. It restores in fatigue, guards the body against the germs of colds and influenza, and fortifies the system against the serious ailments which are so prevalent during the hard trying times of Winter.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

What "Ovaltine" is

"Ovaltine" is a highly concentrated extract of all the goodness, all the nutriment, all the health-giving properties contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods.

Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy muscular development. Drink it as a "night-cap" to ensure sound natural sleep. ***Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!***

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.1.

P. 123

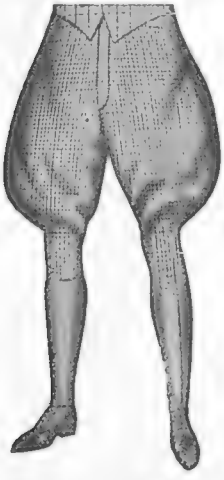
If they cannot take
Cod Liver Oil
all Children like

Maltoline

which is the most successful alternative for cod liver oil. MALTOLINE is a nice palatable preparation which promotes increase in weight, robust appearance and general improvement in health.
Readily taken by the most fastidious child.
Price 3/- per bottle.
Supplied by Chemists and Stores.
Send Stamps (Sixpence) for Trial Package to
MALTINE MANFG. CO., Ltd.,
9 B), Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1

SUNNY SOUTH
WINTER RESORTS
Bexhill, Bognor, Brighton, Hastings Eastbourne, Hove, Littlehampton, Seaford, Southsea, Worthing, Tunbridge Wells
Guides (stamp) from Town Clerks (Dep. S.C. 17

RIDING BREECHES



63/-
to order

STRAPPED BUCKSKIN
Bedford Cords
Corduroy
Cantoon
Moleskins
TWEEDS

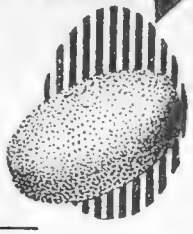
Patterns & Easy Self-Measurement Form per return post.

LOUNGE SUITS
From 7 GUINEAS
ESTABLISHED 1844 *TELEPHONE 1689 Museum*
Tailors FREDK. POOLE & CO. *Breeches Makers.*
219, Oxford St., London, W. 1

CIRO'S
MONTE CARLO
NOW OPEN

PARIS
GD. HOTEL du PAVILLON
36, Rue de l'Echiquier.
(50 yds. from Boulevards.) 300 beds.
Paris plan and Tariff sent by return.

Franco-British Exhibon 1908: GOLD MEDAL
Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge
for
CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON



Sold by all Chemists & Druggists, 4/6 per box.
67, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S. E. 1.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL FOR COUNTRY HOUSES, FACTORIES, FARMS, Etc.
No emptying of cesspools; no solids; no open filter beds; everything underground and automatic; a perfect fertilizer obtainable.
William Beattie, 8, Lower Grosvenor Pl., Westminster.

DAILY GRAPHIC
The Premier Illustrated Daily Journal
BEST NEWS
BEST PICTURES
PRICE - ONE PENNY

FLESCO
MARK OF QUALITY
THE LONDON SHOE CO Ltd
FAMOUS HOUSE
FOR
EVENING SHOES

H.B. 2161.
45/-
Trimming Extra.

Gold or Silver Flowered Tinsel Court Shoe, high Louis XV heel, at 45/-, also Plain Gold Tinsel at 42/-. This model can also be supplied in Black or White Satin at 58/6.

H.B. 2173.
70/-

Grecian Ankle Strap Shoe in a variety of Multi-coloured Brocades. Also in Black or White Satin H.B. 1873 at 58/6. This model can also be supplied in many coloured leathers for Promenade wear.

ODD SHOES SENT ON APPROVAL
The LONDON SHOE Co Ltd
116 & 117 NEW BOND ST., W.
262 & 264 REGENT ST., W.
21 & 22 SLOANE ST., S.W.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

The Danger of Wrong Massage

Saving pennies when youth and beauty are at stake—

One of the most damaging things to the complexion of a woman over 30 is incorrect massage—even with a good face cream. A second is the use of the wrong cream. A third the use of soap and water for cleansing. These three together can change a skin that to-day is reminiscent of a rose, in ten years time to a withered, worn, wrinkled and sallow skin.

Here is the proof. The skin is an organ; just as responsive as heart, lungs or liver. Normally it is of fine texture, satin-like and radiant But after 30 only one skin in a thousand is normal. Why?

Soap and water—for many years the accepted cleansing medium—is the first reason. What is soap? Just a collection of oils, sometimes of doubtful quality—made alkaline by caustic soda or potash and hardened. If the water is warm enough and you rub hard enough, the lather produced from soap takes away the surface dirt.

But—thissame processalso takes away the **natural oil** from the skin, makes it very sensitive, and often keeps it in a state of constant **irritation.**

Wrong Massage rubs wrinkles in. **Phyllis Earle Massage smooths them out.**

Visual proof of this fact may be seen by everybody at any English sea-side resort, during the holiday months. Most of the women—75 per cent of them—have ugly cases of sun-burn; others go through exactly the same amount of exposure with the skin barely reddened—if at all changed.

The latter—through the use of a scientific cleansing and protective method — have avoided weeks of discomfort. The former, and unfortunately larger number, had discomfort, not only have had discomfort, but have positively injured the texture of the skin.

Again, in very cold weather, a cleansing cream and a protective cream applied with the **proper manipulation** will always avoid that shrivelled, wrinkled look which makes people look so much older and which comes from the use of soap.

The average cream, however, does not cleanse. It clogs the pores because it is not manufactured in a manner that causes it to penetrate and extract the hidden dirt. Phyllis Earle cream does really cleanse.

But it must be applied to the face with the proper manipulations. Nine women out of ten are using the wrong manipulations. Instead of rubbing lines OUT they are rubbing them IN. Massage is not by any means the simple or harmless process that some people imagine it to be. Massage performed by somebody who is not an expert—who has not studied the sciences of the muscles and nerves—can place more wrinkles on a face than Nature would bestow in her most careless mood. Massage performed at home has to be done with the utmost caution. To be effective massage must be gentle, firm, regular—in a manner indicated in the Phyllis Earle Home Massage Chart.

The **right** creams are another consideration. For example, if your skin is oily Astringent cream is needed, if dry, Tissue Cream, and so on. It is quite impossible to make one cream that will meet all skin requirements. Many women have failed to obtain results because they were told that such and such a cream worked miracles. No one cream can work miracles. To succeed a cream must be scientifically compounded for a particular skin condition and applied with the correct manipulations. Phyllis Earle Creams are so compounded, and we show you how to scientifically apply them.

Many women boast that they use no beauty aids at all—and their appearance frequently proves it. After 30 years of age—as has already been stated—EVERY skin needs care. The more delicate the complexion, the more care it needs. But where can that care be had? Your Medical man can help you in all cases of ABNORMAL disorders, but such as coarse pores, flabby skin, shiny nose, wrinkles, sagging muscles, and the hundred and one other disorders of the normal skin are not within his province. We—The Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté—can help you. We are a woman's organisation trained to care for NORMAL disorders of the skin in a wholesome, quick and beneficial fashion. We are the first organisation possessing scientific qualifications, and we give, through our science, not merely a slight improvement, that you must look very closely to see, but a beautiful velvety skin that is of fine texture and healthy. In other words a complexion that requires no make-up.

To every woman over 30 an occasional Phyllis Earle treatment is an absolute necessity. A cared for skin never looks old. The treatments are all moderately priced and may be obtained at the London Institute, or from the provincial depots given in above List. Decide to investigate this service to-day. You know yourself the truths of what has been said on the subject of soap, wrong massage, and wrong creams. Our attitude on all other matters is just as logical. See what the Phyllis Earle Organisation will do. It will be a pleasant task and can undoubtedly bring you a great deal of happiness.

Read these unsolicited testimonials.

CALCUTTA.

Dear Madame Earle,

How I wish you were here in Calcutta where there would be every chance of coming to see you regularly instead of writing. Your treatment shows up better here than it did in town I think. Anyway I look ever so much better and feel flattered the nice things people say!

Yours truly,

BRIGHTON

Dear Madam,

I am coming up to town on Friday the 23rd and should like to have a treatment that afternoon. I had a course of treatments last June for Acne and broken veins, and I could not tell you how much better my skin has been for them all this summer. I shall want some more treatments after Christmas but I thought I should like one before.

Yours truly,

Where RIGHT Massage can be had.

BELFAST— Wm. Hoffman, 47, High Street.
BIRMINGHAM— W. J. Greatrex, 2, Victoria Place.
BRADFORD— Albert Fasnacht, 15, Norto Parade.
YORK— Swallow & Barry, 26, Stonegate.
HULL— Swallow & Barry, 24, George Street.
NORWICH— Madame Pfob, 2, Royal Arcade.
GLASGOW— Mary London, 7, Sandyford Place, Sauchiehall Street.
GLASGOW— H. Sheldon Bamber, Charing Cross Mans.

Qualified Phyllis Earle operators at all above centres

The Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté

15, North Audley St., London, W. 1.

(Three minutes from Bond St.)

Send 2d. stamp for Presentation Copy, Art Booklet No. 47

Telephone: Mayfair 3046-7.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN CREPE DE CHINE LINGERIE

This charming Lingerie set is an exact copy of an exclusive French Model and is made entirely by hand by our own workers from rich pure silk crêpe de chine. The cut, shape and finish are excellent.

ATTRACTIVE NIGHT-DRESS (as sketch) in rich pure silk crêpe de chine with attractive lace bodice and sleeve, finished with pointed hand veining and satin ribbon sash. In Pink, Yellow, Sky, Mauve, Coral and Ivory.

PRICE **49/6**

Chemise to match **35/9**

Knickers to match **35/9**

Dainty lace Boudoir cap trimmed satin ribbon to match **21/9**

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Debenham's Limited) (Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

NICOLL'S 1922 SALE

REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS

WINTER WRAP-COATS — Warm and cosy Coats of soft, thick All-Wool Tweeds. Raglan, as illustrated, or belted models.
USUAL PRICE 6 GNS. **4**
SALE PRICE GNS.

TWEED COATS AND SKIRTS—Perfectly tailored, in All-Wool Cheviots—20 colours.
USUAL PRICE 6 GNS. **4**
SALE PRICE GNS.

VELOUR COSTUMES — "Florentin," an extremely attractive design, in fine quality Wool Velour, choice colourings, lined Merv.
USUAL PRICE 10 GNS. **6½**
SALE PRICE GNS.

COAT FROCKS—"Premet" model, in Navy Tricotine, with pipings and collar of Crêpe-de-Chine. USUAL PRICE, 12 GNS. **8**
SALE PRICE GNS.

TWEED COSTUMES—"Affra," a charming model on the latest lines, with new high collar. Finely tailored in Tweed Suitings.
USUAL PRICE, 9 GNS. **5½**
SALE PRICE GNS.

SALE LIST detailing many bargains for both MEN and WOMEN, post free.

H. J. NICOLL

AND CO., LTD.

114-120 REGENT ST. W.1

MANCHESTER—14-16 John Dalton St.
LIVERPOOL—50 Bold Street.

Miss Lily Brayton says—

"I think Pond's delightful Toilet Requisites (including Pond's Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream) most excellent."

"TO SOOTHE & SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Use **Pond's—the Original—Vanishing Cream during the day,** because it is entirely free from oil. It vanishes instantly—no massage—no greasy after effects—keeps the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Use **Pond's Cold Cream before retiring to rest,** because, having an oil base, it supplements the natural oil of the skin, removes all impurities, and prevents the formation of lines and wrinkles.

The regular use of these two Creams will prevent Chapped Hands, Cracked Lips, and other Blemishes.

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores, in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6.

NOTE REDUCED PRICES FOR TUBES

7½d. *(handbag size—Vanishing Cream only)* and 1/-. *(Reduced from 9d. and 1/3.)*

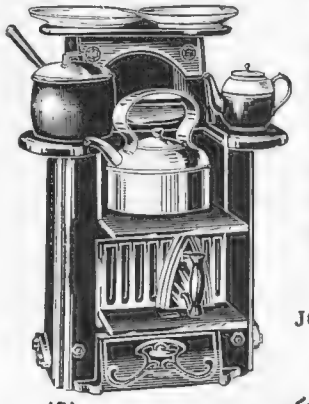
POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

Economy Utility & Comfort

All united in the latest up-to-date boiler. It supplies hot water in abundance, does all the cooking except actual oven baking, and gives a cheery and cosy fire for the maid's comfort.

The Domestikatum Boiler



Do you realize how heavily you pay for hot water by the old methods? To fit a "Domestikatum" Boiler in your kitchen is the first step to a genuine saving of money.

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
Titan Boiler Works,
STOURBRIDGE.

A charming Appearance

Many a fascinating woman depends on EMILE'S "ULTIMA" for the charm which makes her irresistible. The effect on anyone whose hair has become thin is marvellous.

Toupet from 6 gns.

Call or write for beautiful Illustrated Brochure or approval selection.

EMILE

24-25, Conduit Street, W.1.

Last Week of Great LINEN SALE

If you have not yet taken this unusual opportunity of obtaining extraordinary bargains in pure Irish Linens, we would strongly advise you to do so without further delay. We make the following extra special offer of

All Pure Irish Linen DAMASK CLOTHS, No. B28r:—

Size 2 x 2 yds., Final Sale Price, each **16/11**
" 2 x 2½ " " " " **21/2**
" 2 x 3 " " " " **25/5**

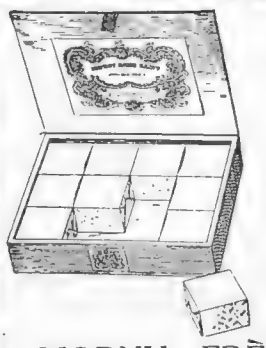
NAPKINS:—

Size 22 x 22 ins. " " 6 for **9/11**

Many other Bargains in Linen Sheets, Handkerchiefs, etc., are still procurable. Bargain List No. 44T sent post free, and we guarantee delivery of parcels, and pay carriage on orders of 20/- upwards.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

Linen Manufacturers, Belfast, Ireland.



"MORNY" Bath Salts Tablets

One tablet will scientifically soften an entire bath and leave upon the skin an enduring fragrance.

Morny Bath Salts Tablets are sold in flat boxes of 12, and are perfumed with—

"Chaminade" "Mystérieuse" "Triomphe" } **4/-**
"June Roses" "Sérénade" "Yesha" } **3/-**
"Rose Verviene" "Lavender" "Cologne" } **2/6**

The name "MORNY" on the label is a guarantee against inferior imitations.

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

MORNY FRÈRES LTD., 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Femina

Cupboards and the Cupboard Room

BY MRS. M. VINCE

WHEN women talk about houses, what annoys, or amuses, architects most is any reference to cupboards. Indeed, a reference to cupboards is considered inevitable, and a demand for more of them is jocularly held among men architects to be the chief, if not the only, contribution which women make to architecture. But if architects are tired of this harping on the theme of the cupboard, it is largely their own fault. They have no right to complain that women monotonously repeat themselves when they simply continue to demand what they are always refused. They must have been asking for cupboards almost as long as they were asking for the vote, and they still have not got them.

BUT I do not want simply to repeat the old demand for more cupboards. What is much more important than many cupboards, is that those one has should be of a practical size—above all that they should be deep enough. Every bedroom and dressing-room should have one built-in cupboard in which to hang clothes, and the convenient place to build it is, of course, the recess by the chimney. Unfortunately, far too many bedroom cupboards are scarcely more than doors shutting against the wall, with a little air space between the two, but no room to hang anything. If the bedroom cupboard is to be of any value, it must be deep enough to take a central rod running from end to end, with dress-hangers on it. Such a cupboard can really hold dresses. With a deep cupboard and a wardrobe, one to be used for the clothes that are being worn, and the other for the clothes which are out of season, most women would be content.

ANYONE who has tried to squeeze wardrobe, dressing-table and washstand into a small bedroom, while leaving some room for the occupant, knows that the most difficult problem of such rooms is the wardrobe. How are you to get a wardrobe, big enough to be of any use, but small enough to fit the room? The answer is a built-in cupboard. For with such a cupboard every inch of space is used. Good-sized cupboards are what women want and not, as men architects humorously pretend, a cupboard in every possible angle and recess of the house.

I HAVE been speaking only of bedroom cupboards, but there is no reason why we should not use built-in cupboards, with glass doors, much more than we do, in our sitting-rooms, for such purposes as displaying china. The built-in cupboard is not only most economical of space, but of money also, for the wall already provides its back and part of its sides.

BESIDES deep built-in cupboards, I think that every house—if it is in any way possible—should have also a "cupboard room," a room, that is, with cupboards all round the walls and nothing else in it but a table in the middle. Such a room would be held in common by the family, and every member would have the right to a part in it. The cupboards would have shelves as well as hanging space, and I am sure that such a room would do more for tidiness, comfortable living, and well-kept clothes than any other device.

IN most houses of any size, the cupboard room should be easy to arrange. Where, however, it seems at first thought impossible, is just where it is most needed—in flats. Yet, I believe, that people who live in flats would do best to begin by determining to make a cupboard room. Nearly every flat, however well designed, has one room that is small, dark, and airless. It figures in the house-agent's book as a bed-room, and the tenants do their best—without any real success—to make a habitable, cheerful bedroom of it. It is far better to make it at once into a "cupboard room."

IF you do this, if you are heroic enough to give up one of your three or four precious bedrooms, and do without a spare bedroom altogether, you may really succeed in having enough room for all your clothes and possessions, and in almost making the flat justify the house-agent's favourite word "commodious."

THE other day I found a paragraph, tucked away in the corner of a newspaper, which I felt ought to have been very boldly displayed. It recorded that in order to get the furniture into the bedrooms of houses built by a certain London Council, some of it had to be sawn in half. It might not have been tactful, but I felt that I should have liked to have been there, and, as the wardrobes were being dismembered, to have pointed out to the architect how much simpler it would have been to have had built-in cupboards. M. V.

Photograph MISS OLWEN ROOSE [*Bassano, Ltd.*

A charming young actress, who is playing the leading part, that of "Phyllis," in "Bulldog Drummond," the successful play at Wyndham's Theatre

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Things that Matter in the World of Dress

THAT it is going to be an exciting season—the one looming before us—in the matter of clothes, I may tell you straightaway is certain. The *couturières* are out for big things, and some sensational developments, and they appear to be particularly keen on individual adaptation. That is to say, they are going to fit the *mode* to the wearer, and to enable them to do this with due *éclat* they are offering an eclectic choice of styles.

FOR THE RIVIERA

The Riviera craze for black and white is here revealed in a morning frock and cloak of soft white wool material, the cloak lined black marocain

One can only hope these intrepid ones will be given the courage and determination to carry the campaign through successfully. And if they do we shall then be mercifully spared the sad sight of "mutton dressed lamb fashion," as was the case with the little *ingénue* frock. All ages, all figures, all styles will find suitable raiment designed to enhance the wearers' charms and conceal their defects.

Details that will matter especially, include the correct disposal of the elongated corsage, the proportionate length of skirts, the high-collared throat, and very particularly sleeves. That the outlook is inclined to be bewildering is true, but on the other hand it will be immensely exciting.

Black and White Can Do No Wrong

THERE is a very epidemic of this magpie alliance, which is to be welcomed, if only on the score of helping to break up the monotony of the all-black gown and suit. Apropos the latter, while the thought is with me, black ski-ing suits are the last word for Swiss sports. Beautifully built breeches of some ribbed waterproof material are surmounted by a longish belted coat that buttons right up to the throat and is ornamented by large practical patch pockets. Beneath the coat there is worn a bright-coloured jumper to which the cap or hat is toned.

On the Riviera white woolly cloaks are an obsession. Ideal for a morning stroll on the shores of the Mediterranean is the frock accompanied by a cloak revealed in the first picture. Of a soft, rather loosely woven rough texture white material it is the cloak, of course, on which rests the whole onus of the *chic*. The way this is slung round the throat by a high-folded turn-over collar catches the eye at once, and, travelling downwards, is quickly arrested by the lining of black *marocain*. The latter, again, is responsible for the soft crown of the piquant little cap, most becomingly mounted in a deep brim of white fur. Also to be noted are the boldly checked stockings of black and white and strapped sandal shoes of white suede.

By lining the collar with black it would be quite possible to wear a cloak this style inside out, and many are planned with this dual appearance in view. Very distinctive and distinguished are white gowns mounted with wide sleeves of black georgette or satin, other sleeves being white, encrusted with jet or else scrolled over in a geometrical design of black *soutache*.

The fantasies in white gloves, stitched, lined, and inset with black, together with white and black shoes similarly treated *en tous cas*, handbags, etc., all lending valuable aid to the magpie presentment.

A Symphony in Black Chiffon Velvet and Frosted Silver Lace

SUPREMELY representative of the approved silhouette and demure simplicity is the little *demi*-toilette gown shown in the second sketch. In this you see the pointed skirt, swinging panels, and straight hip length corsage. There is arranged a deep berthe of that lovely silver lace that looks like frosted snow, a berthe, however, that in lieu of following the conventional and being continued round the back, suddenly drops into long floating ends that may

(*Continued on page x*)

AN EFFECTIVE GOWN

This demi-toilette reflects the simple, elegant silhouette of the moment in black chiffon velvet, merely relieved by a berthe and long floating ends of silver frosted lace

Original sketches by Betty Nisbet

MONTE CARLO

Winter Season - October to May. Bathing - June to September

THE MOST ENJOYABLE WINTER TEMPERATURE IN EUROPE. MEAN TEMPERATURE 59°

OUTDOOR SPORTS

Golf Competitions.

Olympic Games Competitions for Ladies.

Horse Racing (Flat and Cross Country).

Pigeon Shooting.

Sailing & Rowing Regattas.

Motor-boat Races.

OUTDOOR SPORTS

Motor-cycle Hill Climbing.

Seaplane Races.

Military Tournament.

International Dog Show

Floral Fêtes.

Boxing.

Athletic Sports.

OPERAS, under the direction of M. Raoul Gunsbourg. Orchestra Conductor, M. Léon Jehin. The finest Artists of International Repute. Gorgeous "Mise-en-Scène."

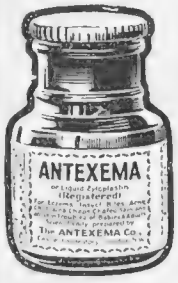
CONCERTS, conducted by M. Louis Ganne.
Symphoniques and Modern, conducted by M. Lauweryns.
CLASSICAL, conducted by M. Léon Jehin.

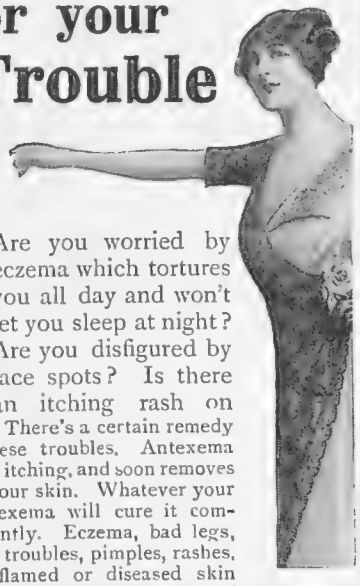
RUSSIAN BALLETS. OPERETTES AND LIGHT COMEDIES.

The Catering in the Hotels and Restaurants is the Best the World can produce.

THROUGH TRAINS FROM CALAIS TO RIVIERA.

That's what You want for your Skin Trouble





Are you worried by eczema which tortures you all day and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, baby skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, and every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears.

Antexema cures every skin illness

Antexema is supplied by all Chemists and Stores everywhere. Also of Boots', Harrods', Selfridges', Whiteleys', Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct 3/- and 1/6 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Africa.

HOTEL METROPOLE

and

Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, MONTE CARLO.

The Centre of the Riviera's Brilliant International Social Life.

¶ The Restaurant des Ambassadeurs is conducted on the same lines as the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs at the New Hotel Metropole, London, where the Appointments, Cuisine and Service are unsurpassed.

FRANCIS TOWLE, *Managing Director.*

For Tariff & Reservations apply ARTHUR DREYFUS, *Resident Manager*

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

be twisted round the arms or left loose as the wearer dictates.

With this gown silver shoes are worn and a high silver lace comb in the hair posed at an amusing angle. A gown of similar *genre* was seen with lacquer-red lace, quite one of the most courageous efforts in dyed *dentelles*, the scarlet note being picked up in red heels to black shoes. Supplemented by a hat this frock would be perfectly *de rigueur* for a smart *thé dansant*.

For the Hospitals

This year, as usual, Royal gifts have been sent to the children in the hospitals of London. The gift, a most attractive one to children, took the form of a tin of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee, together with a photograph of Their Majesties Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra, and Princess Mary. Super-Kreem Toffee has steadily increased in popularity during the last few years, and this latest mark of favour shows how well merited that popularity is.

Invalid Furniture

The manufacture of invalid furniture, almost a science in its need for technical knowledge and skill, has been brought to a very high state of excellence by the Surgical Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of 83-85, Mortimer Street, W. 1, and a visit to their showrooms would be amply repaid. Any article of invalid furniture or carriage can be hired at a reasonable figure. If customers desire to buy after one month's hire the amount will be deducted from the price of the specified article.

Unique Posters

In view of the increased public appreciation of art values nowadays, it is encouraging to see the larger scope given to artists in the commercial world. One of the most pleasing instances is the application of woodcut design to advertisement posters. The striking contrasts and expressiveness which characterise the woodcut style are well calculated to attract the eye, and, consequently, the style is eminently adapted to poster design. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway has recently issued a striking woodcut poster designed by Mr. C. D. McGurk, which has for its subject a picturesque corner of the quaint Sussex town of Arundel. The company is to be congratulated on having illustrated how perfectly the requirements of the commercial world can be served with this revived branch of art. Mr. C. D. McGurk has produced many interesting woodcuts, and the exhibition of his works at Cambridge excited much interest among the rather critical public of the University town.

A ROYAL GIFT
Of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee described on this page

Vaseline

Since 1871, when it was first put on the market, Vaseline has steadily advanced in both scientific and popular favour, until to-day its general use and benefits are a matter of common knowledge. No other known remedy has a wider range of healing qualities, nor has any remedy been marketed in so many practical and attractive forms.

A Book that Buys Itself

The Writers' and Artists' Year Book (A. and C. Black, 3*s.* 6*d.* net) buys itself again and again. No contributor to the Press, no writer of books, and no artist who wishes to sell his work can afford to be without it. Whoever buys it once buys it always. Its best-known feature is a long list of English journals giving their address, scales of remuneration, and, above all, the particular requirements of each. This list is annually revised by the editors of the journals themselves and is always up to date. The Year Book contains also similar lists of American journals and of British and American publishers, with details of the work they are willing to buy.

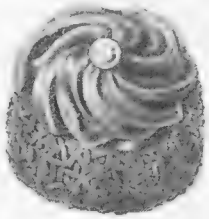
Caterers by Appointment to His Majesty the King.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd., London, W.

Maison Lyons Chocolates

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of Maison Lyons Chocolates to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!



The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES NOW 4/- LB.

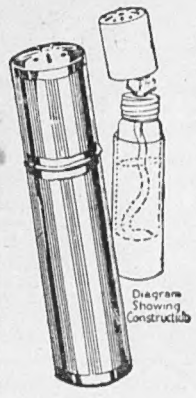
MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

J. LYONS & CO., Ltd., London, W.

How to avoid
INFLUENZA

Keep inhaling recommended antiseptics. This can easily be done. You just fill

L'ODORIGÈNE



with the antiseptic and you have a perfect pocket inhaler always handy, which you can any time and anywhere use without comment.

No one should be without L'Odorigène these days. In better times it is used as the ideal scent diffuser.

In heavily Nickelled Case, 2/6; in Gilt Case, 5/-; in Silver Case, 15/-

Supplied by Boots Cash Chemists, Chemists and Stores, and by

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd.
(Dept. J.), 29 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS

City de Luxe

Made in 101 Shapes

5/6

Trade Enquiries to
38 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2

OPPENHEIMER'S

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES
SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST
BURGLARS
FOR LADIES' GUARDS, ETC.
from **10 Gns.** PUPS **7 Gns.**
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
Tel: 52 Broxbourne 30 mins. from Liverpool St., G.E.R.

O'COAT 40/-; SUIT 50/-; LADY'S COSTUME 55/-

TURNED

and guaranteed "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.
Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.
WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill
(Near "Times" Offices.) *'Phone: Central 1816.*
Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

THE
"Badminton"
TAILORED SHIRT

The Perfect Shirt for Ladies.

The Ideal Shirt for the Country.
The Ideal Shirt for Sports.
Cut, Material, Quality and Finish,
All make it The Ideal Shirt.

The trade mark above is your safeguard. Insist on seeing it.

If any difficulty in procuring, write manufacturers below, who will help you.

E. & H. TIDSWELL & CO. (1921), LTD.,
15, NEW UNION STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.

SALE of QUALITY CLOTHES for MEN

All this week you have the opportunity of buying Suits and Overcoats at prices still further reduced from this Season's already low prices.

Maxims

TYPICAL BARGAINS

Irish Tweed Suits. Last week's prices, 7½ gns. **This week's price, 4 gns.**

OVERCOATS

Prices reduced by 20 per cent.

All patterns are sent from 141, Fenchurch Street, but measurements can be taken and materials made up at whichever Branch is the more convenient to you.

E. MAXIM & SON

NOTE OUR TWO LONDON ADDRESSES:

14, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1
141-142, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

ADAMS

TWO SIMPLE DINNERS

TAPIOCA CREAM SOUP
SOLE À LA COLBERT
CASSEROLE OF CHICKEN IN BROWN GRAVY
CAULIFLOWER. POTATO CHIPS
FRENCH PANCAKES. FRUIT SALAD
LITTLE CHEESE CUSTARDS
COFFEE

FISH OMELETTE
FILLET OF BEEF
TOMATOES. POTATO SAUTÉES
MINCEPIES. CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ
RICE CROQUETTES WITH CHEESE
COFFEE

Tapioca Cream Soup

Boil one and a half pints of white stock, made from veal or chicken bones. When boiling, stir in 1 oz. of tapioca. Beat up two yolks of eggs with one gill of milk, strain the soup into it when it is just off boiling. Pour the soup back into the saucepan, place it on the gas or fire, and stir carefully until the eggs are cooked. Take care not to curdle the eggs. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

Sole à la Colbert

Soles are fairly reasonable in price just now, and the following way of cooking a good-sized one is recommended. Have the sole skinned, and cut a small incision (about two inches long) on the upper side. Egg and breadcrumb the sole, then fry in boiling fat until a golden brown both sides. Have ready about a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and mix it well into ½ oz. of butter, add a good squeeze of lemon-juice, and put the maître d'hôtel sauce into the incision and serve with a cut lemon and cayenne pepper.

Fillet of Beef

Cut some fillet of beef in rounds about an inch thick and fry them quickly in a sauté pan. Have ready some rounds of bread (fried) the same size as the fillets, place a fillet on each, then a well-cooked mushroom, and a small round of fat, fried crisp. Make a gravy in the pan in which the fillets have been cooked, pour round them and serve.

Rice Croquettes with Cheese

Wash ¼ lb. of rice, and boil in a pint of milk and water until the rice is swollen and the liquid absorbed. Dry in a colander before the fire or in the gas oven. Add a teacupful each of grated cheese and bread crumbs, a little salt and cayenne, then roll into small round balls, dip each one into egg and melted butter and fry a golden brown. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and serve very hot.

Roes and Mushrooms on Toast (a savoury)

Fry some mushrooms, and have ready some croûtons of fried bread on which to place them. On the top of each mushroom, place a bloater roe, curled round, which has been heated through in butter. The roes can be bought in bottles and, as they are already cooked, only require a minute or two to get hot. This is a nice savoury.

EMILIA

"The Morning till Night SHINE"

THERE is only one boot polish that will keep your shoes shining *all day long* and that is 'Nugget'—the polish which feeds the leather and makes shoes last longer. Do not *wonder* if this is so: order 'Nugget' and prove it.

"NUGGET"
BOOT POLISH

is made in the following colours: Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for patent leather. Sold everywhere in tins at 4d. *and* 6d. *The 'Nugget' outfit, in metal cases, is sold at* 2/6.

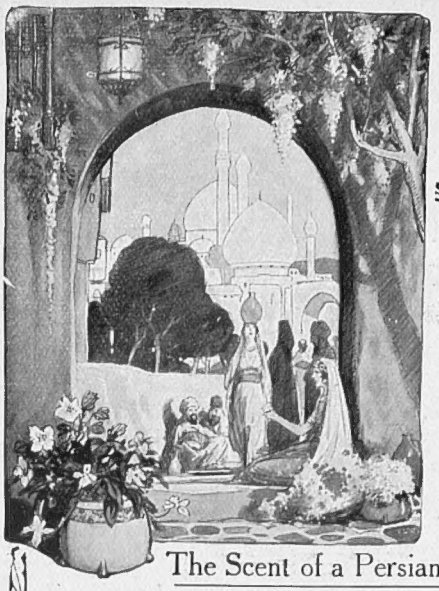
No. 809 C.F.H.

A companionable wine, yielding rare pleasure to the senses, rich and full to the taste.

Concord is obtainable from all good Wine and Spirit Merchants, and from most Hotels and Clubs.

CONCORD PORT

W. H. CHAPLIN & CO., LTD., 48, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3



'And look—a thousand blossoms with the Day woke'—
OMAR KHAYYAM.

The Scent of a Persian Garden

OMAR KHAYYAM
PERFUME

Prices: 3/6, 6/3, 11/3, 22/6, 42/-, 80/- Per Bottle.

OMAR KHAYYAM FACE CREAM 3/- JAR. | OMAR KHAYYAM FACE POWDER 2/3 PER BOX. | OMAR KHAYYAM TOILET SOAP BOX of 3 TABLETS 4/6

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Wholesale: H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.

NEW POUCHED BACK
COATS
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

EARLY SPRING WRAP COAT, cut on entirely new lines with becoming pouched back which is so fashionable, practical armholes and large sleeves, lined throughout with crepe de Chine. In soft shades of good quality velour cloth.

SPECIAL PRICE
6½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

THE GRAPHIC

January 28, 1922.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

What the Prince Has Seen in India
Two Pages in Colour
By DONALD MAXWELL.

Short Story
By PETT RIDGE

The World's Fastest Aeroplane

Ski-ing at Adelboden

The Wanderings of an Artist
By JAMES McBEY.

1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

THREE NUNS
Tobacco

Here's a good recipe for a winter evening's pleasure: a friendly fire, a cosy armchair, a readable book—and a well-seasoned pipe filled with fragrant Three Nuns.

You'll get a slow, cool smoke all the time. At the bottom of the bowl is only one regret—that the last flavoursome shred has been consumed; but that is easily remedied.

KING'S HEAD
—if you prefer a fuller blend.

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only:
Packets: 1-oz. 1/2, 2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5, 4-oz. 4/8

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd, 36, St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.

709

"Erasmic" is all pure soap. It is not possible to make a better soap. There is none better than the best and the best is "Peerless Erasmic."

"ERASMIC"

The Dainty SOAP

For refinement & purity.
Best for the Complexion.

"ERASMIC," Perfumers, LONDON, W.
Depôt for CANADA: 41 & 43, St. François Xavier St., MONTREAL
Depôt for U.S.A.: 35, West 39th Street, New York, N.Y.

PARIS. BRUSSELS.

Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1, and published weekly by GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, at Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4.—January 25, 1922.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.